



PEANUTS EVERY SUNDAY by Charles M. Schulz **1956-1960**



PEANUTS

Every Sunday

1956 - 1960

by Charles M. Schulz

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC.

PEANUTS EVERY SUNDAY: 1956–1960 by Charles M. Schulz

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

Editor: Gary Groth

Designer: Jacob Covey

Production: Paul Baresh

Color Production: Joanne Bagge

Associate Publisher: Eric Reynolds

Publisher: Gary Groth

Special thanks to Jeannie Schulz, without whom this project would not have come to fruition. Thanks to Charles M. Schulz Creative Associates, especially Paige Braddock.

Peanuts Every Sunday: 1956–1960 (Volume 2) is copyright © 2014 Peanuts Worldwide, LLC. The foreword is © 2014 Chuck Klosterman. All rights reserved. Permission to duplicate materials from *Peanuts* comic strips must be obtained from Peanuts Worldwide, LLC. Permission to quote or reproduce for reviews and notices must be obtained from the respective copyright holders. Peanuts Worldwide, LLC's *Peanuts*® website may be accessed at www.snoopy.com.

Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115, USA. For a free full-color catalog of comics, call 1-800-657-1100. Our books may be viewed on our website at www.fantagraphics.com.

ISBN: 978-1-60699-794-9

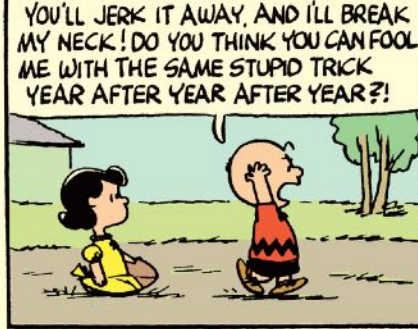
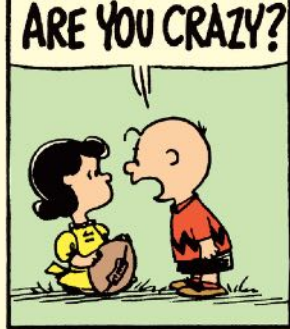
First printing: November 2014

Printed in China

Special thanks to: Phillip Nel, Jason Aaron Wong, Randall Bethune, Big Planet Comics, Black Hook Press of Japan, Nick Capetillo, Kevin Czapiewski, John DiBello, Juan Manuel Dominguez, Andy Koopmans, Mathieu Doublet, Dan Evans III, Thomas Eykemans, Scott Fritsch-Hammes, Coco and Eddie Gorodetsky, Karen Green, Ted Haycraft, Eduardo Takeo "Lizarkeo" Igarashi, Nevdon Jamgochian, Vanessa Palacios, Kurt Sayenga, Anne Lise Rostgaard Schmidt, Christian Schremer, Secret Headquarters, Paul van Dijken, Mungo van Krimpen-Hall, and Thomas Zimmermann.







"I don't know what percentage of me would be Charlie Brown — certainly some. I'm a little bit of all the characters because that's what I draw. I used to be more Lucy than I am now, but I'm not much any more — I've learned to temper my sarcastic remarks. The strip is very personal and all the things in the strip are things that I think about."

— Charles Schulz, 1987





Resistance is Futile (Especially with Footballs)

CHUCK KLOSTERMAN

It's difficult to write objectively about Charlie Brown. It always feels like I'm writing about myself.

This, I realize, is no accident.

I know that Charlie Brown is the type of character consciously designed to make average people feel like they're looking at an image of themselves. If you can't empathize with Charlie Brown, you likely lack an ability to empathize with any fictional character. Here is a boy continually humiliated for desiring nothing more than normalcy — the opportunity to kick a football, the aptitude to fly a kite, the freedom to walk down the sidewalk without having an acquaintance compare his skull to a block of lumber. He wants glory, but not an excessive amount (one baseball victory would be more than enough). He has the coolest dog in town, but that often plays to his disadvantage. He's an eight-year-old who needs a psychiatrist, and he has to pay the bill himself (only five cents, but still). Charlie Brown knows his life is a contradictory struggle, and sometimes his only option is to lie in a dark room, alone with his thoughts. He will never win. Yet here's the paradox: Charlie Brown is still happy. He still has friends. He still gets excited about all the things that are destined to fail.

Very often, young Americans are simultaneously pessimistic about the world and optimistic about themselves — they assume everyone's future is bleak, except (somehow) their own. Charlie Brown is the opposite. He knows *he's* doomed, but that doesn't stop him from trying anything and everything. It's the quality that makes him so infinitely likeable: he does not see the world as cruel. He believes the world is good, even if everything that's ever happened in his life suggests otherwise. All he wants are the things everyone else seems to get without trying. He aspires to be average, which — for him — is an impossible dream.

I suppose nobody feels this way all the time. But everybody feels this way some of the time.

Charles M. Schulz died on February 12, 2000. The final *Peanuts* strip ran the very next day, a coincidence noted by virtually everyone who cared about the man and his work. In the years since his passing, I've noticed a curious trend: for whatever reason, it has become popular to assert that the spiritual center of the *Peanuts* universe is not Charlie Brown. The modern answer to that question is Snoopy: dynamic, indefatigable, and hyper-imaginative. Perception has drifted toward what the public prefers to celebrate. It's a little like what

happened on the TV show *Happy Days*: a sitcom originally focused on awkward Richie Cunningham evolved into a vehicle for the super-coolness of Fonzie. Obviously, this type of paradigm shift is no crime against humanity, and I love Snoopy almost as much as his owner (he's a wonderful dancer, and he might be my all-time favorite novelist). But Snoopy is not the emotional vortex of *Peanuts*. That's simply wrong. The linchpin to *Peanuts* will always be Charlie Brown. It can be no one else. And this is because Charlie Brown effortlessly embodies what *Peanuts* truly is: an introduction to adult problems, explained by children.



The probable (read: inevitable) death of daily newspapers will yield a lot of collateral damage, some of which will matter more than others. I don't know where the gradual disappearance of the Sunday comics falls on this continuum, or even if it belongs at all; I assume something else will replace its role in the culture,

and the notion of bemoaning such a loss will eventually be categorized as nostalgia for a period where the media was controlled by dinosaurs who refused to accept that the purpose of every news story was to provide random people the opportunity to publicly comment on how they felt about it.

But I will miss the Sunday comics. As a kid, I loved the idea that there was at least one section of the newspaper directly targeted at my brain; as an adult, it was reassuring to read something that was still the exact same product I remembered from the past. It was static in the best possible way. Like most people, I moved through various adolescent phases where different strips temporarily became my favorite: *Garfield* in fifth grade, *The Far Side* throughout high school, *Calvin and Hobbes* as a college boozehound. But I always considered *Peanuts* the most "important" comic strip, and the one that all other strips were measured against. The fact that *Peanuts* was the very first strip on the top of the Sunday comics' front page verified this subjective belief; if comics were rock bands, it seemed obvious that *Peanuts* was the Beatles.





The strips in this collection stretch from 1956 to 1960. This was a transitional period for *Peanuts* — the characters no longer have the generic, unsophisticated appearance seen in the early *Li'l Folks* era, but their fantasies and dialogue rarely skew as surreal as they will become throughout the mid-'60s and beyond. Snoopy "talks," but not in the way we're accustomed to (his concerns tend to be more traditionally dog-like), and his jowls and his gut look a little thin. Linus Van Pelt — still noticeably younger than all the other kids in '57 — eventually becomes interchangeable with his slightly older peers (and Schulz was clearly enamored with Linus during this five-year stretch, as he stars in a majority of the offerings, most notably in a three-week serial where he worries about performing at the Christmas program). Around 1959, we meet Sally Brown for the first time (still an infant).

But the most critical evolution revolves around the persona of Charlie Brown himself. It is during this three-year stretch that he becomes "The Charlie Browniest." Throughout the mid-'50s, Charlie Brown was still confident. On page 13, we see a boy who believes his snow fort is an architectural masterpiece; on page 31, Charlie Brown violently punishes the kite he cannot fly. He's not arrogant, but he is self-assured. He's almost a smart aleck. Yet, by

the inception of the '60s, this is over. From 1960 onward, Charlie Brown is the person we all recognize from all those various television specials: the unironic loser with a limitless heart, who is endlessly hammered for caring too much.

"Nobody likes me," Charlie Brown says as he stares into space. "All it would take to make me happy is have someone say he likes me."

When Lucy overhears this gut-wrenching lament, she's immediately incredulous. "Do you mean to tell me that someone has it within his or her power to make you happy merely by doing such a simple thing?"

Charlie assures her that — yes — this simple act is all it would take. In fact, it almost wouldn't matter if the sentiment weren't true. He just wants to know how it feels to be liked. But even this is still too much to ask for.

"I can't do it," Lucy replies, and then she walks away.

And this, it seems, is the joke.

One of the most common assumptions about *Peanuts* is that Charlie Brown and Charles M. Schulz are the same person, and that we are able to see the personality of



Schulz by studying the personality of Charlie Brown. Certainly, some similarities are undeniable (both their fathers are barbers). But I don't think this perception is totally accurate. The reflection is not as straightforward as it seems. I think that the primordial *Li'l Folks* version of Charlie Brown — the little guy from the '40s — was Schulz crafting a fictional version of his literal childhood. It was, essentially, who Schulz once was. But the model of Charlie Brown we recognize and love so much more — the model re-invented here, at the end of the '50s — was Schulz crafting a version of how he *felt*, both in his memory and in the present tense. It was the construct of an adult, suffering through problems only an adult can conceive and recognize. It was also (perhaps) a depiction of how he *wanted* to feel: Schulz the man was rumored to be a maniacal grudge holder, unwilling to forget any slight or embarrassment ever levied against him. His creative boyhood doppelganger is the opposite; Charlie Brown could always wipe the slate clean. And that makes a profound difference, both for the character and everyone else.



"It's depressing to realize that you're so insignificant you haven't got a chance ever to become president," Charlie Brown tells Lucy on page 89. "It wouldn't be so bad if I thought I had *some* chance."

Like so much of the classic *Peanuts* banter, he makes these remarks apropos of nothing — it's just something he seems to be worrying about, for no clear reason. Lucy, of course, obliterates him for voicing this trepidation, mocking him with a tsunami of faint praise, almost as if he had somehow claimed he was destined for political greatness. Now, is her response amusing? I suppose it's a little amusing. But it's mostly dark (and entirely true). At the age of eight, Charlie Brown is considering a reality that most people don't confront until much later: the realization that life is limited. It's not that he desperately wants to become Dwight D. Eisenhower; it's the simple recognition that this couldn't happen even if he did. He's confronting the central myth of childhood, which is that anyone can be anything. Charlie Brown represents the downside of adult consciousness. And what does Lucy represent? Lucy represents the world itself. Lucy responds the way society always responds to any sudden insight of existential despair: *How did you not know this already?* It doesn't matter how many times this had happened before. It will never stop happening, to Charlie Brown or to anyone else. Like I said — Charlie Brown knows he's doomed. He absolutely, irrefutably knows it. But part of his mind always thinks, "Maybe not this time, though. Maybe I'm wrong."

That glimmer of hope is his true Achilles' heel. It's also the quality that makes him so deeply good and imminently relatable. The joke is not that Charlie Brown is hopeless. The joke is that Charlie Brown *knows* he's hopeless, but he doesn't trust the infallibility of his own insecurity. If he's always wrong about everything, perhaps he's wrong about this. When he mentions the impossibility of his own presidential fantasy, there's a vague sense that he wants Lucy to tell him he's mistaken. And at first (of course), Lucy does exactly that. She says "maybe." And then (of course) she does what she always does. She reminds Charlie Brown that he is Charlie Brown. Which is how I suspect Charles M. Schulz often felt about himself, up until the very end: "No matter what I do or what I try, I'm always going to be myself."

In this volume, there are four strips where Charlie Brown tries to kick a football. Unless you're a yet-to-be-conceived archaeologist reading this book 1,000 years in the future, the outcome of these attempts will not surprise you. Two of these strips (released

roughly a year apart) are so similar they superficially suggest a lack of imagination. In one, Charlie Brown expresses his belief that people have the ability to change and deserve the opportunity to do so (and then he breaks his back); in the other, Lucy compliments his faith in human nature (moments after his back has been broken). This is the reassuring, hyper-eternal, death-and-taxes aspect to *Peanuts*; the children don't grow up and the episodes don't change. That pigskin's omnipresent unkickability is the Sisyphean symbol for everything in Charlie Brown's life and the pivotal metaphor behind why he matters so much to so many people. It is the apex of his failures. But failing is not what makes Charlie Brown my fictional friend and my personal protagonist. It is his reasoning for placing himself in a position where failure is inevitable.

"I must be out of my mind," he says to himself. "But I can't resist kicking footballs." He can't resist kicking footballs. Even though he never, ever does. He still can't resist. Charlie Brown will always be himself.

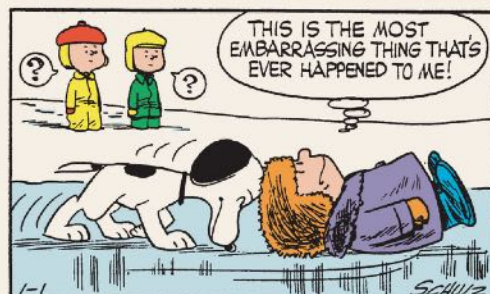
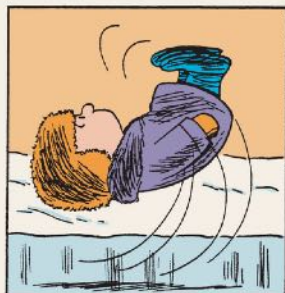
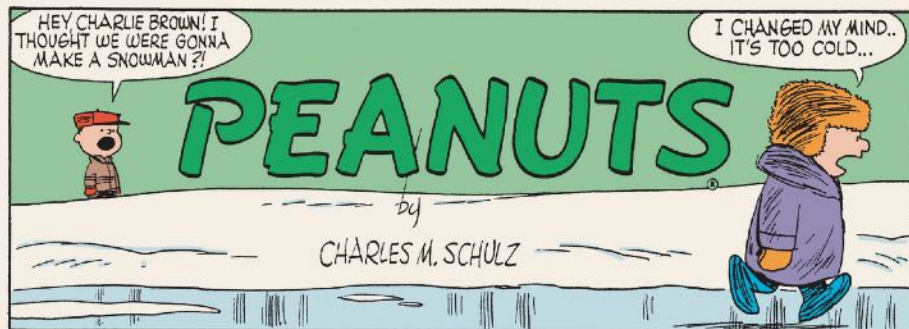


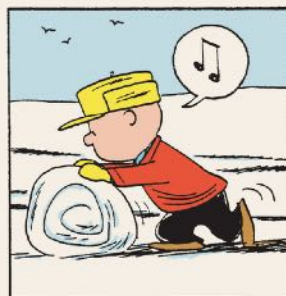
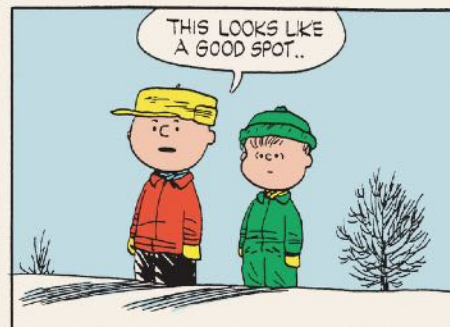
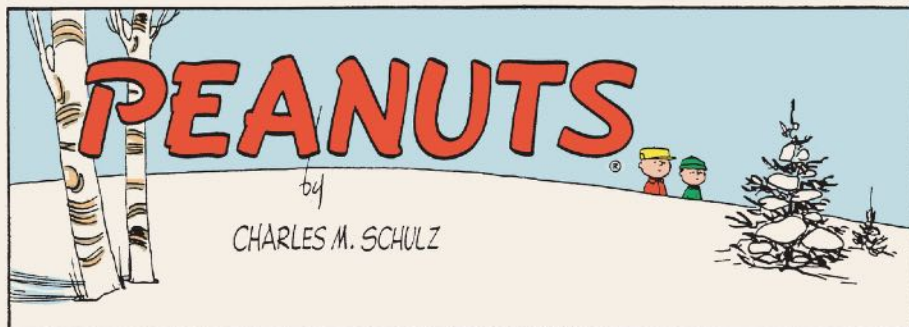


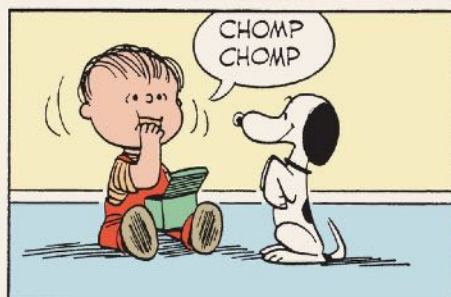
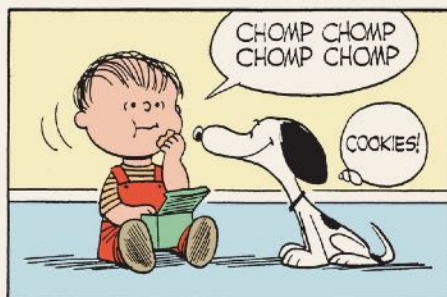
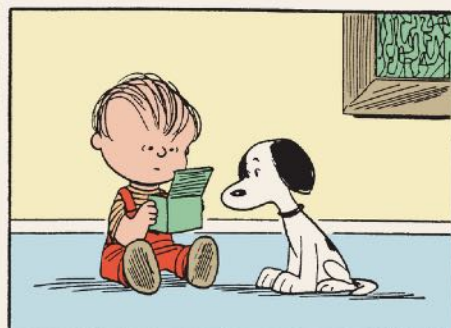
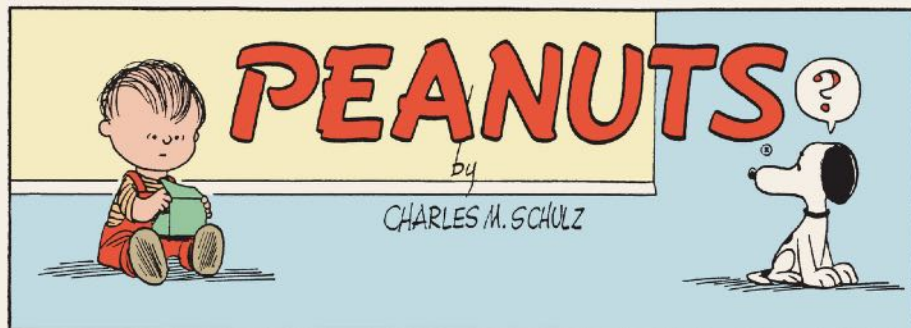
PEANUTS

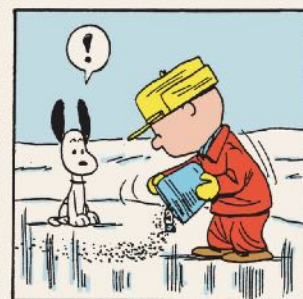
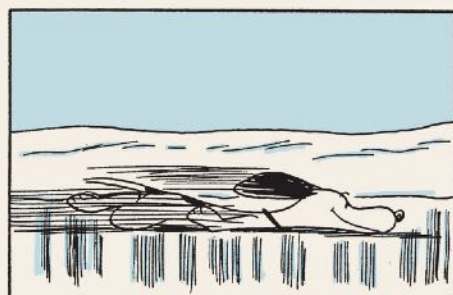
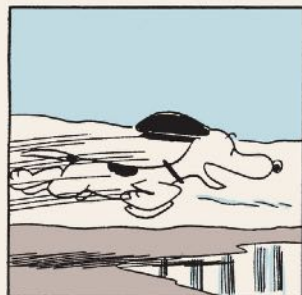
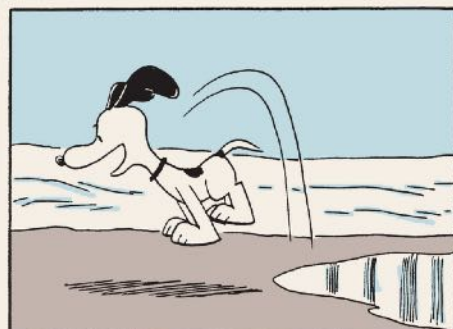
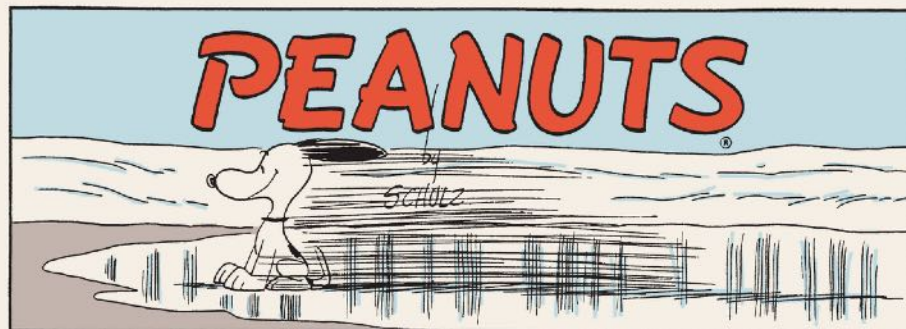
Every Sunday

1956 - 1960





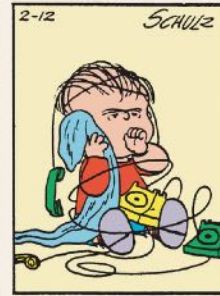
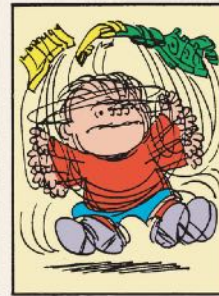
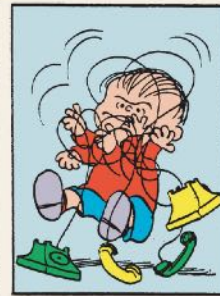
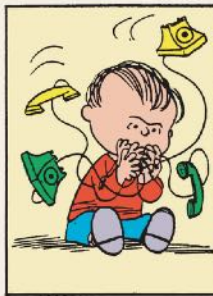


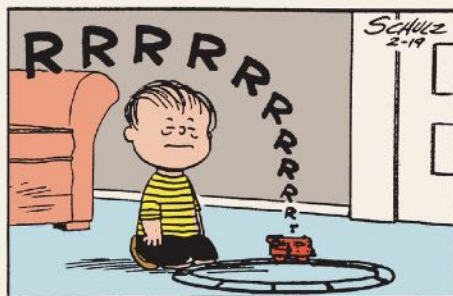
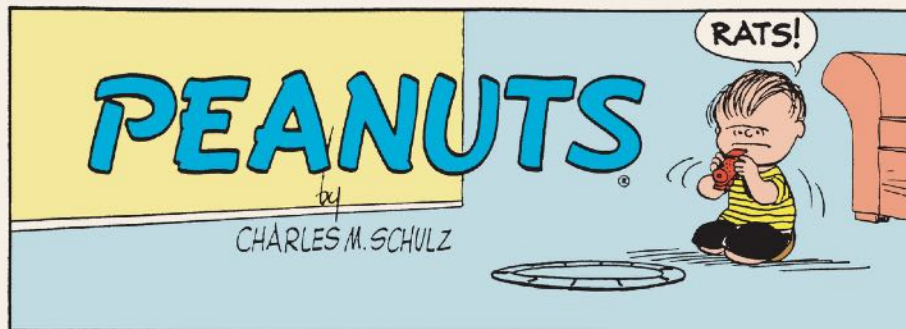


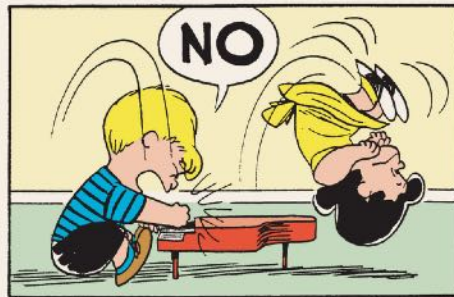


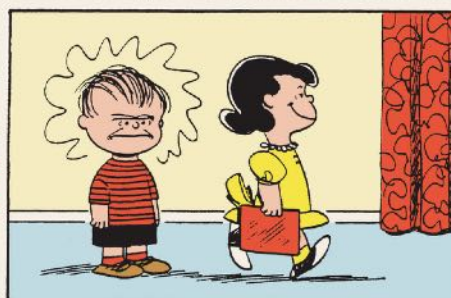
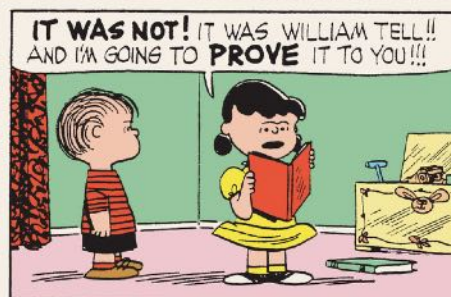
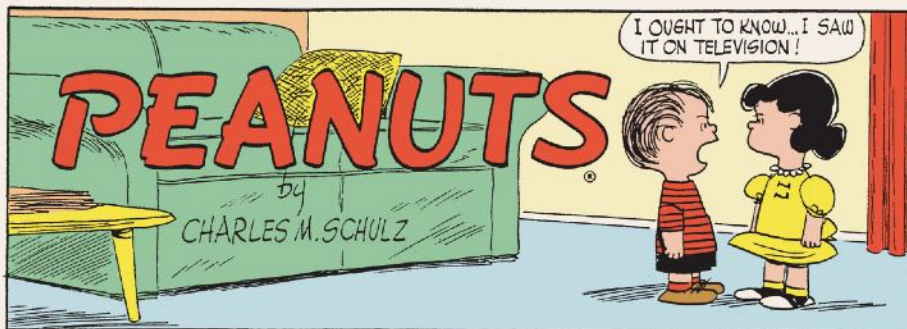
PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

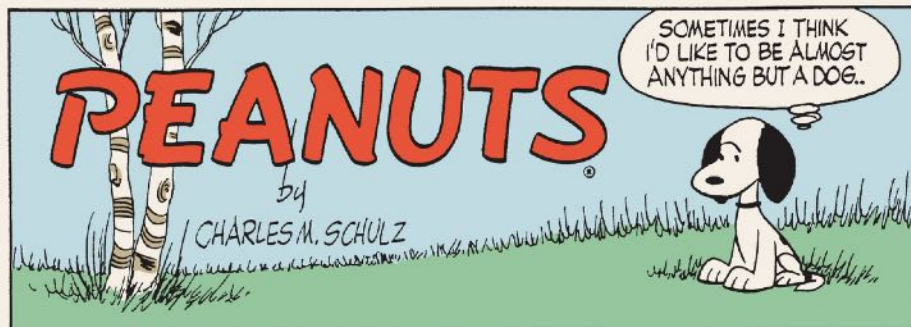


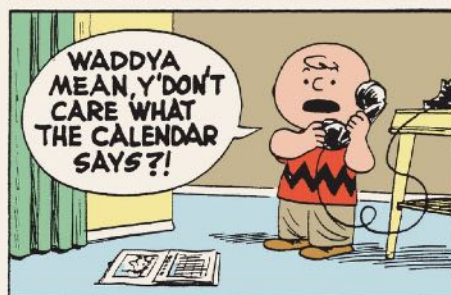
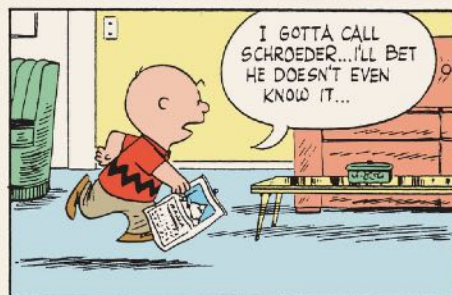
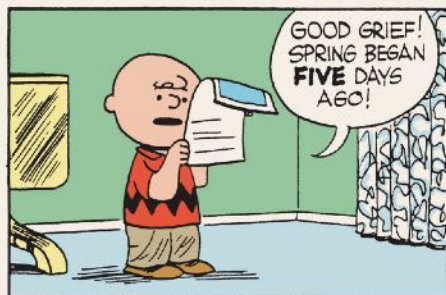
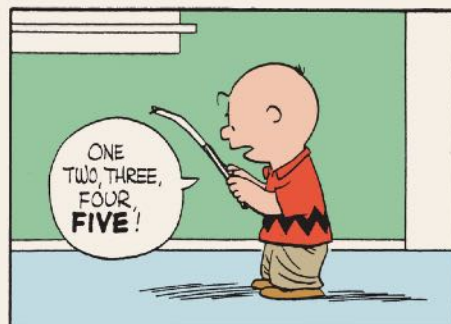




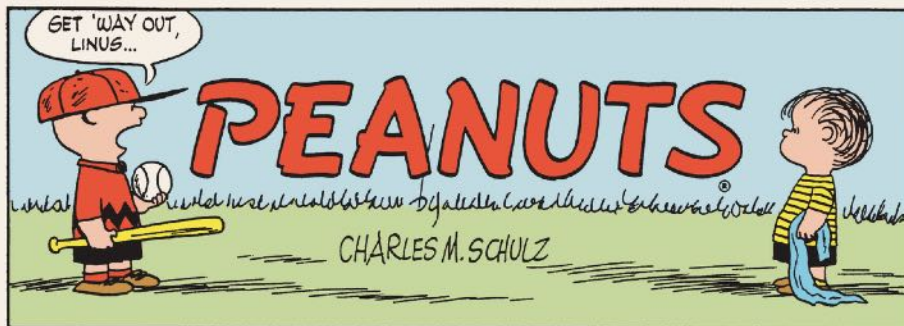


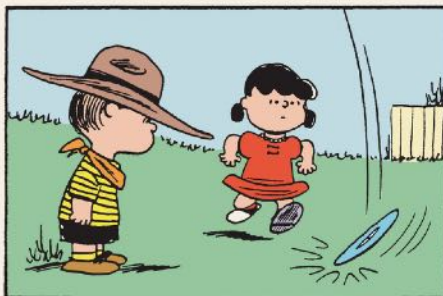










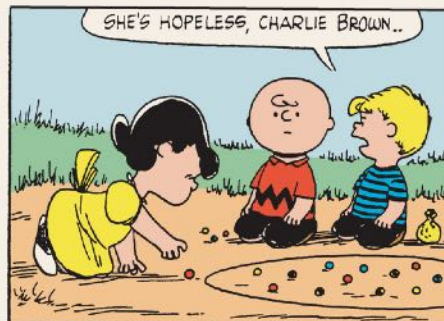


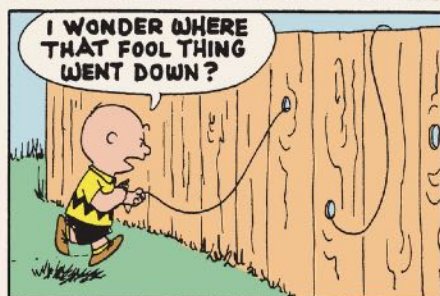


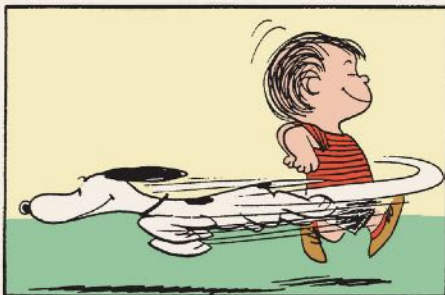
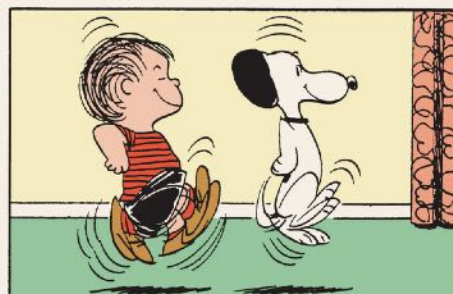
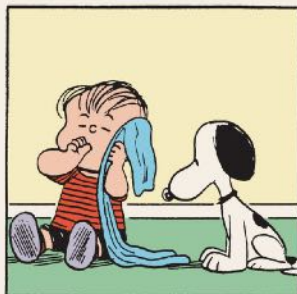
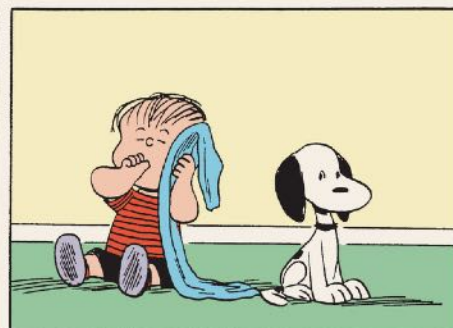
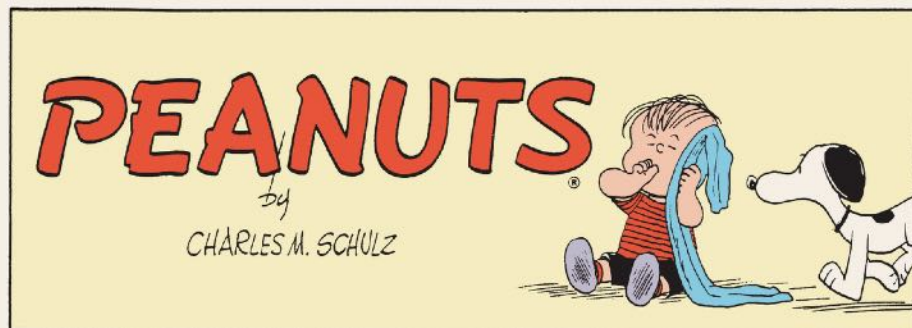
PEANUTS

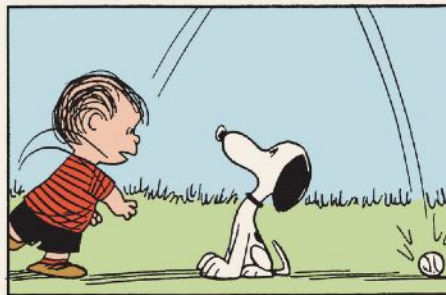
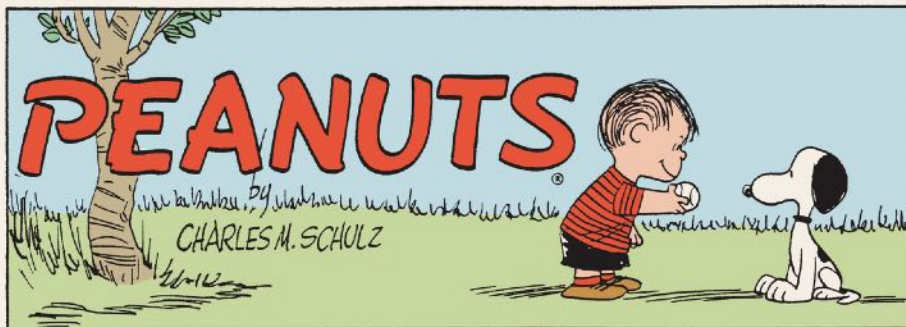
by
CHARLES M.
SCHULZ

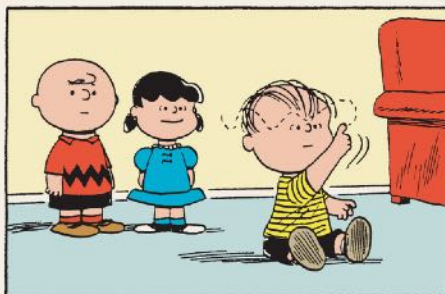
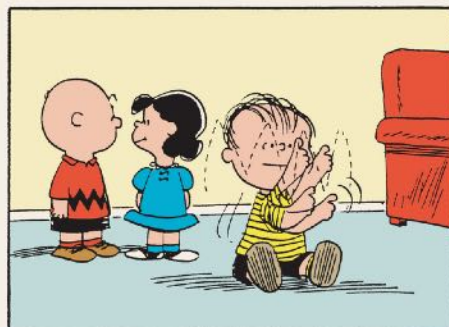


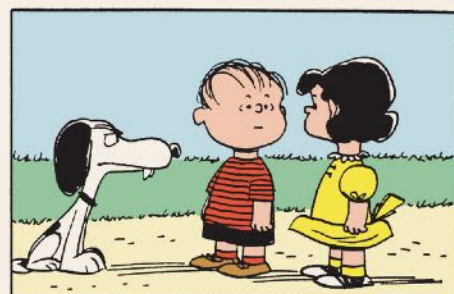
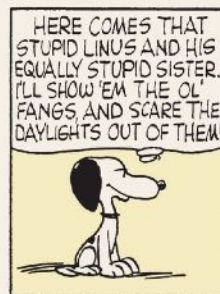


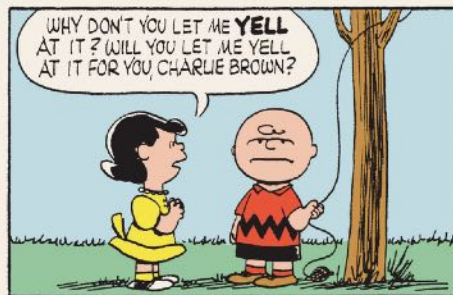
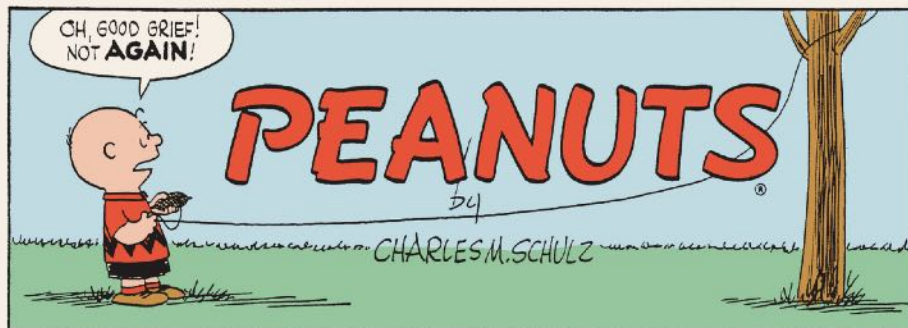


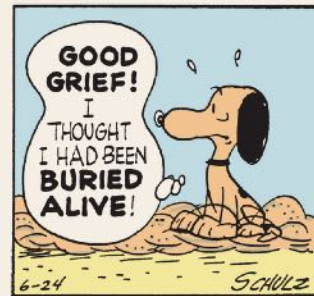
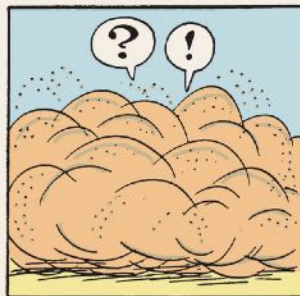
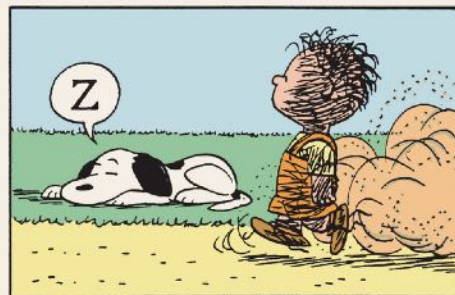
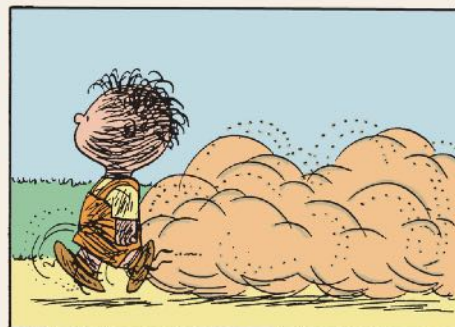


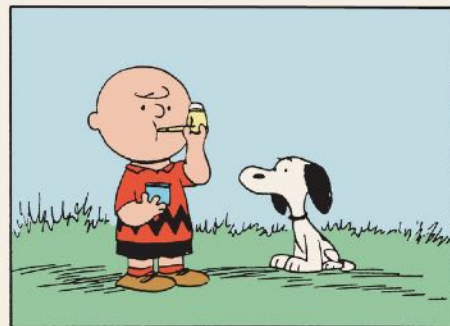
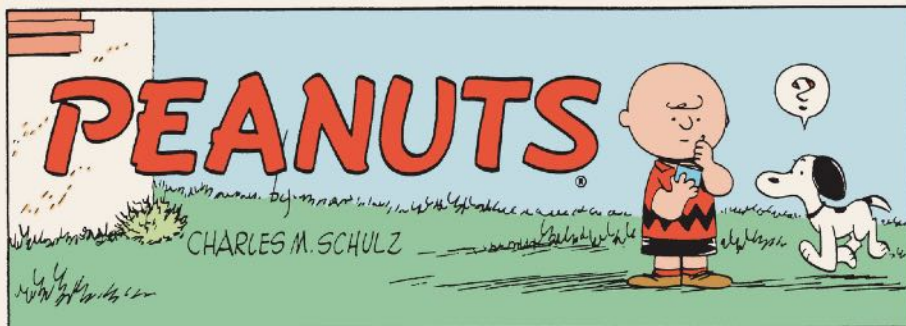


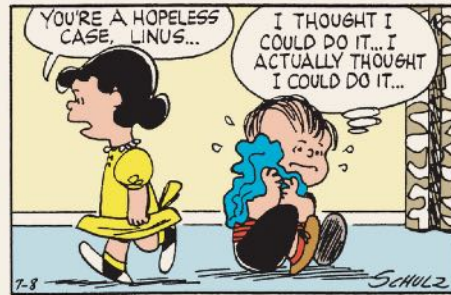
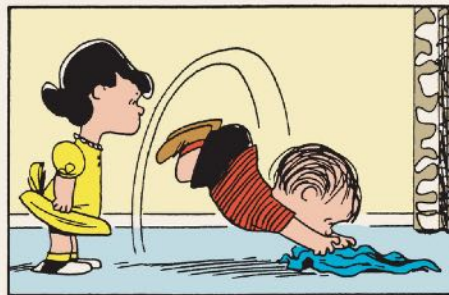


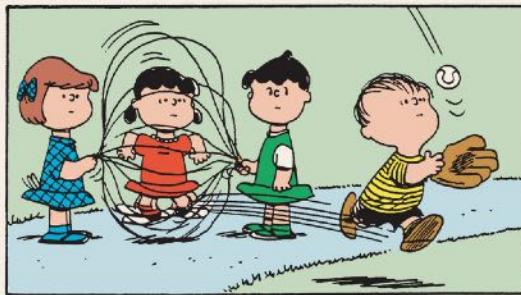


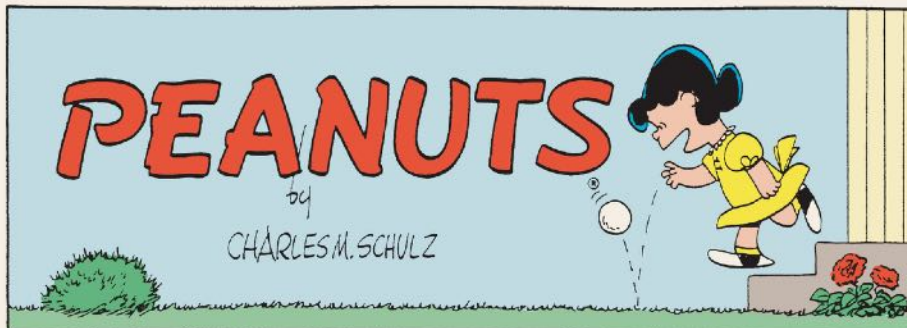




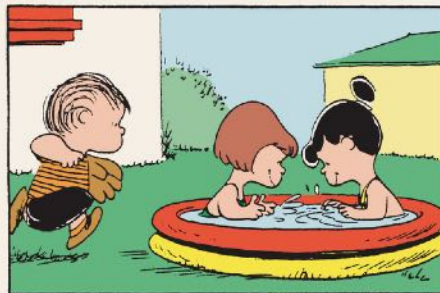


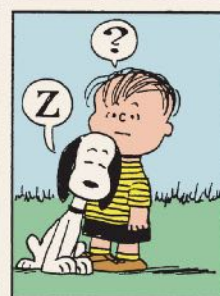
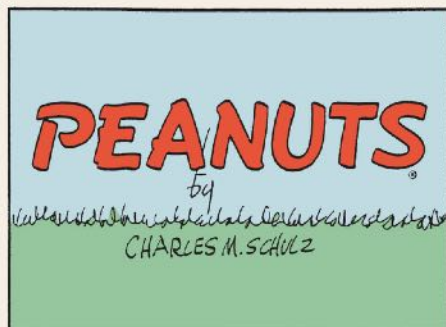






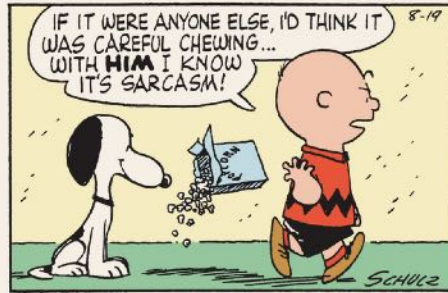
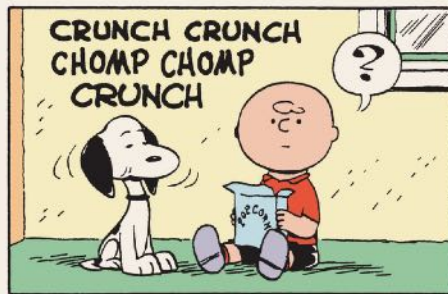
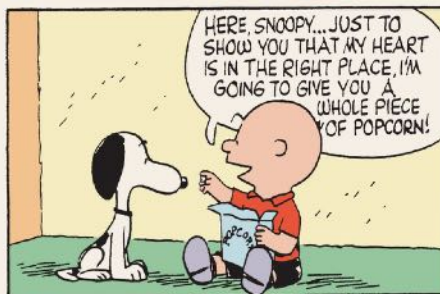


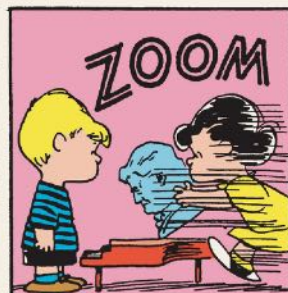
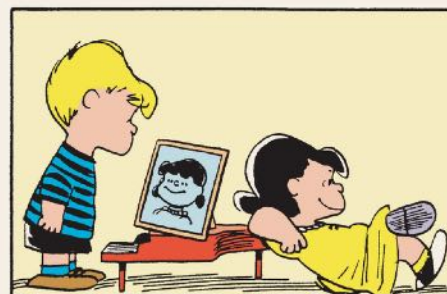
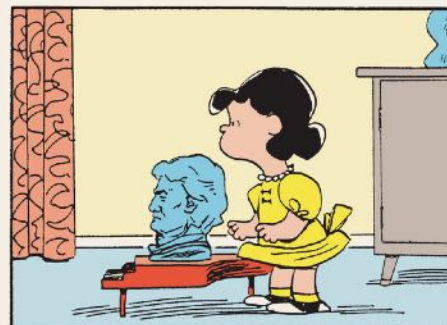
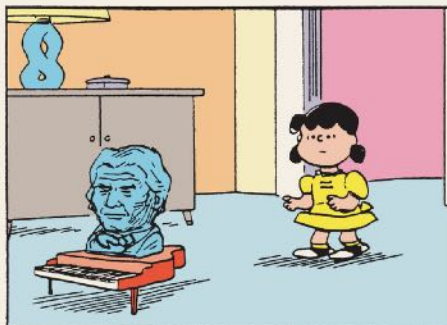
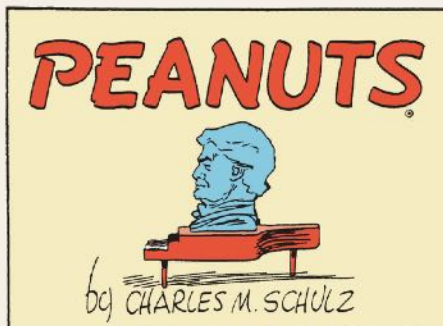




PEANUTS

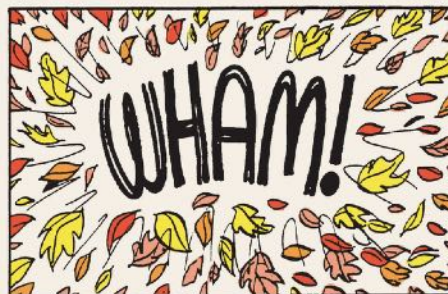
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

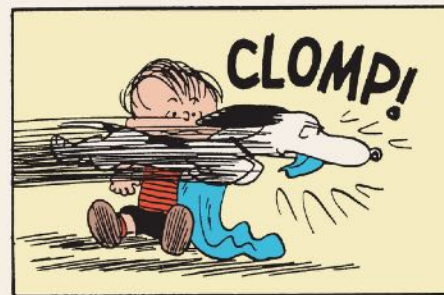
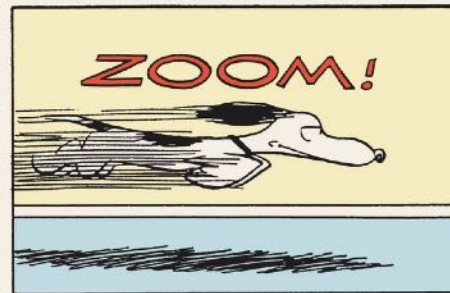


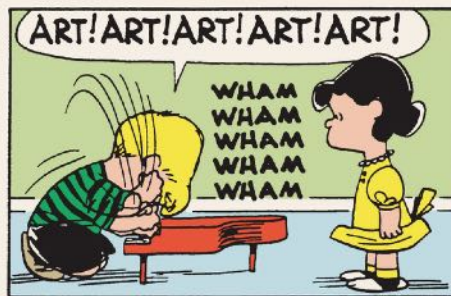
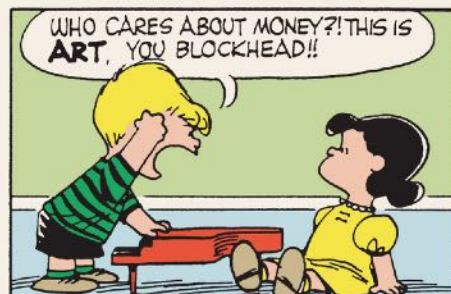
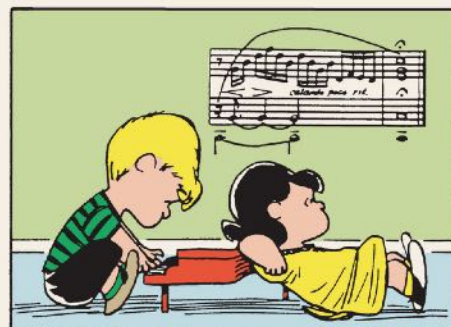
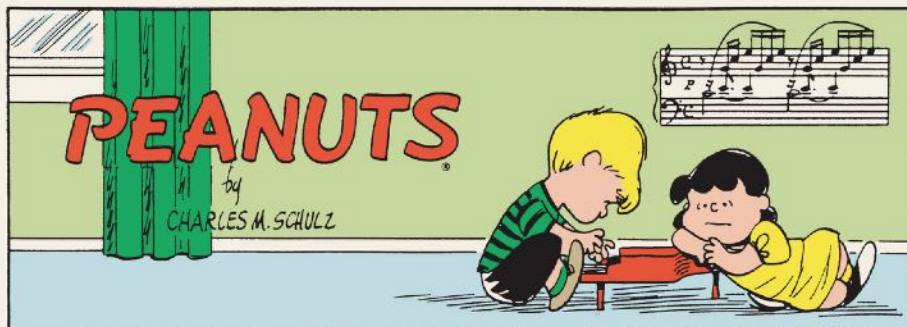


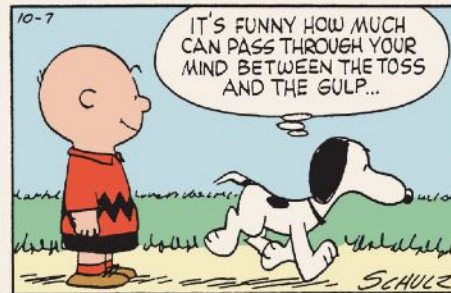
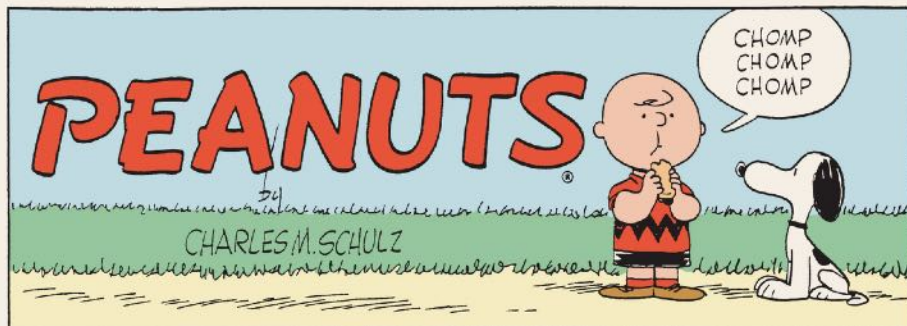


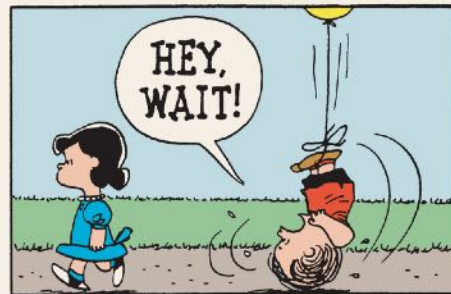


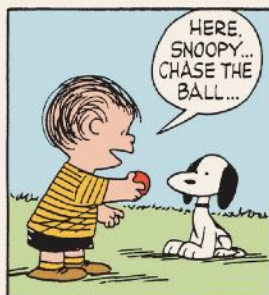


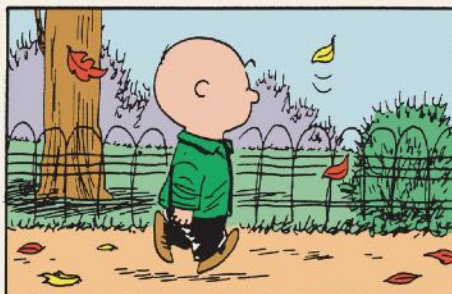
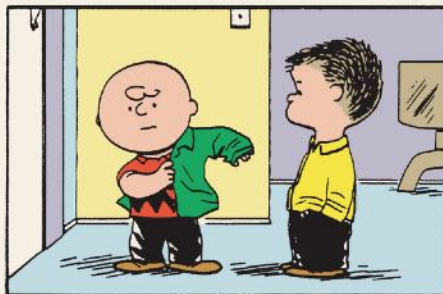
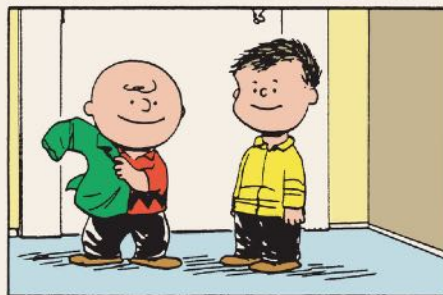


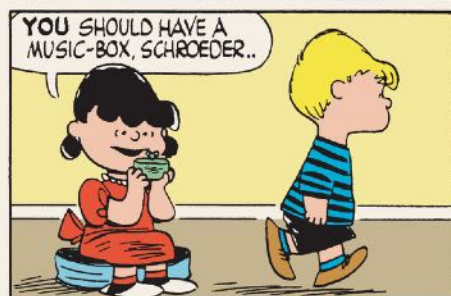


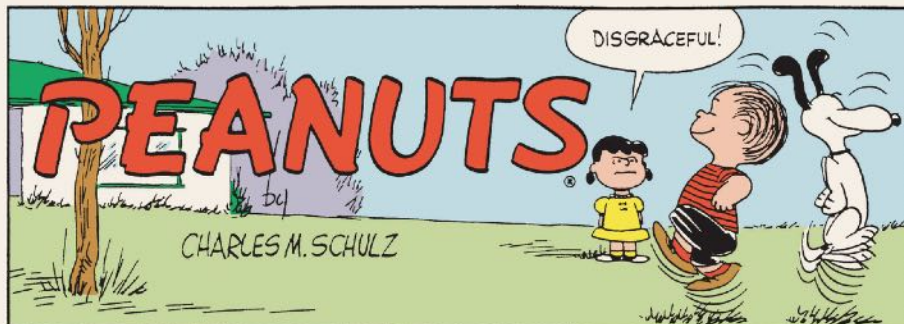


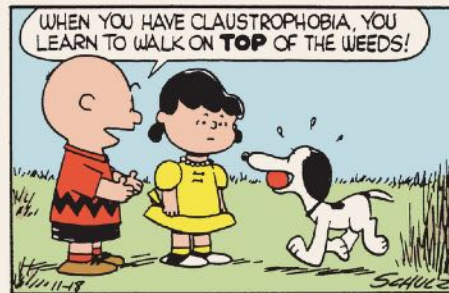
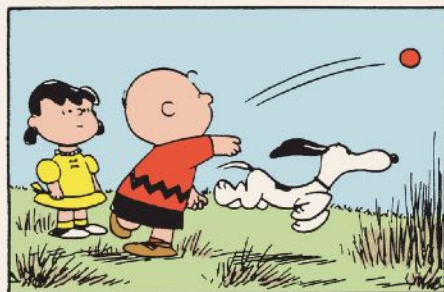
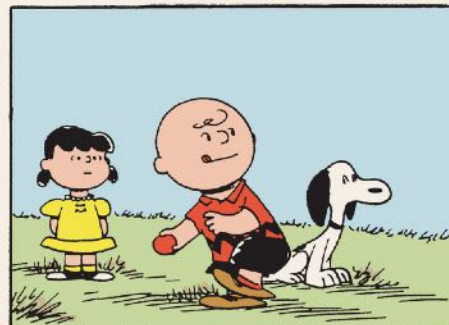


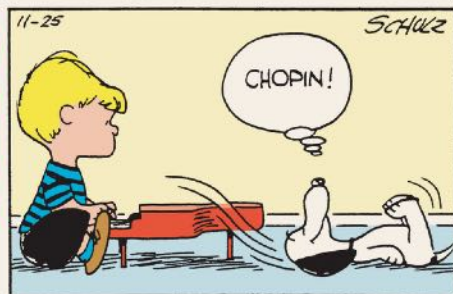
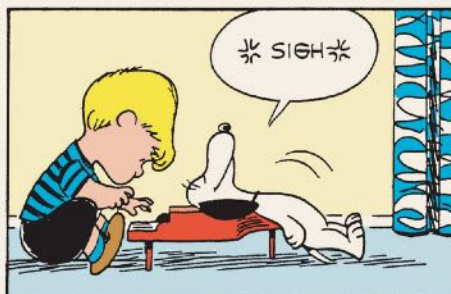
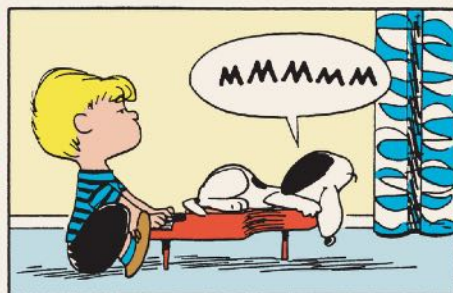
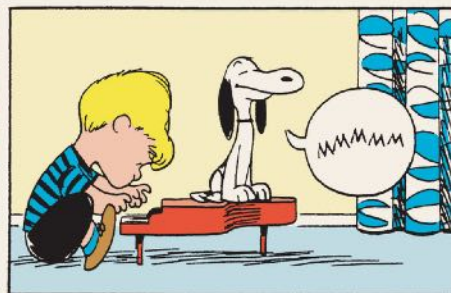
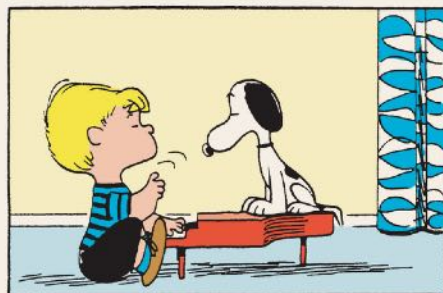
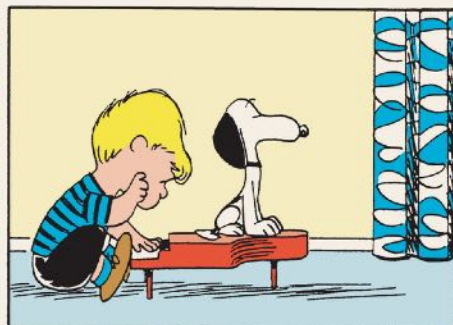








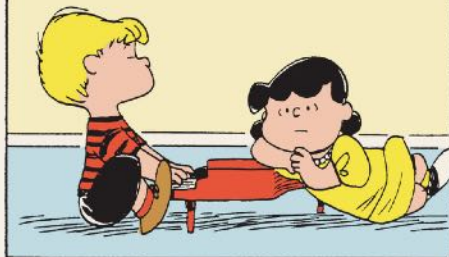
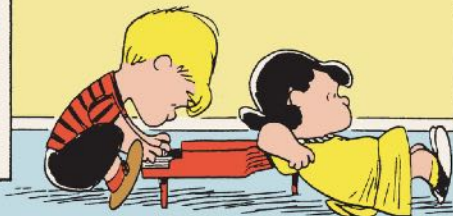






PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ



CHARLES M. SCHULZ

NO!

OH, COME ON,
CHARLIE
BROWN..

I'LL HOLD IT
REAL STEADY...

NO

PLEASE?

NO! YOU JUST WANT
ME TO COME RUNNING
UP TO KICK THAT BALL
SO YOU CAN PULL IT AWAY
AND SEE ME KILL MYSELF!

LOOK....JUST TO SHOW
YOU I'M SINCERE, I'LL
GIVE YOU A MILLION
DOLLARS IF I PULL
THE BALL AWAY!

IN FACT, I'LL GIVE
YOU A **HUNDRED**
MILLION DOLLARS!!

I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND, BUT I CAN'T RESIST KICKING FOOTBALLS..

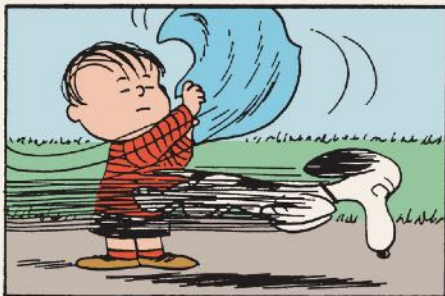
HA!

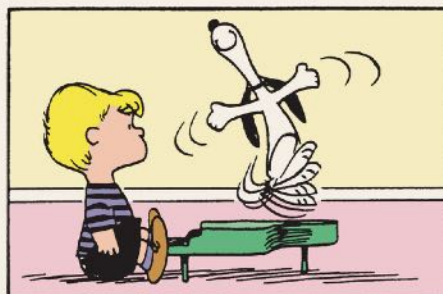
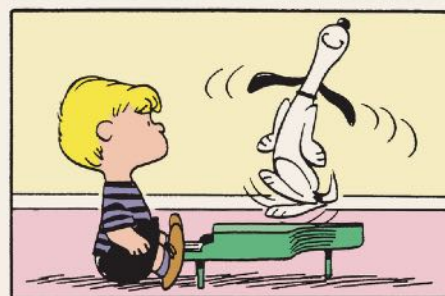
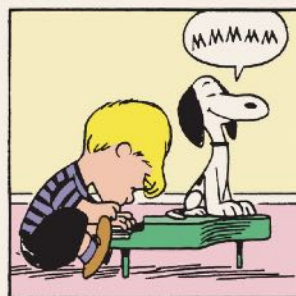
WHAM

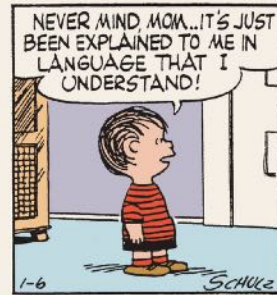
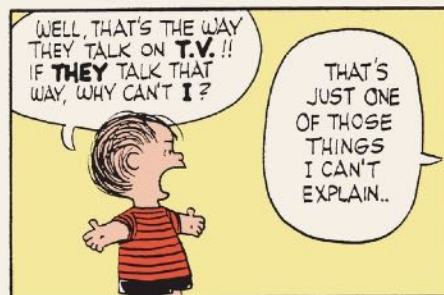
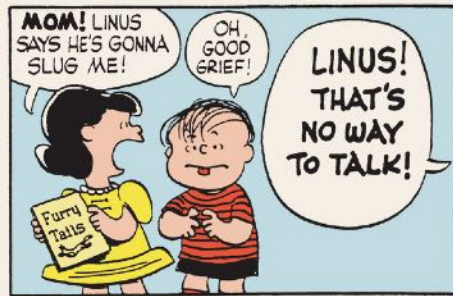
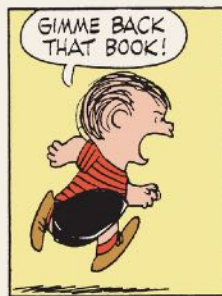
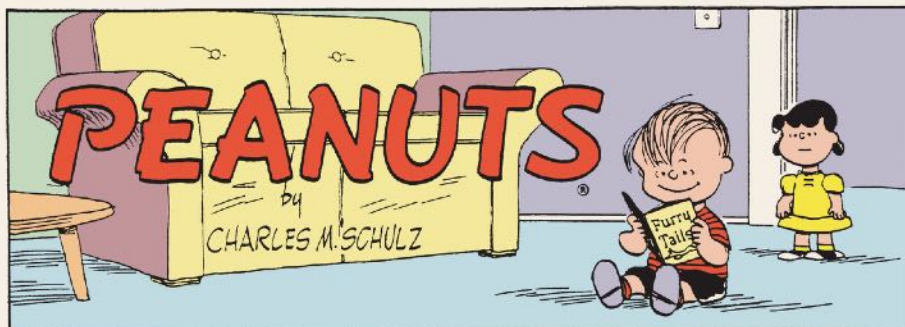
HERE'S YOUR MONEY,
CHARLIE BROWN!

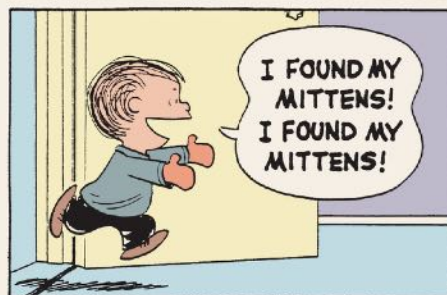
HEE HEE HEE
HEE HEE HEE

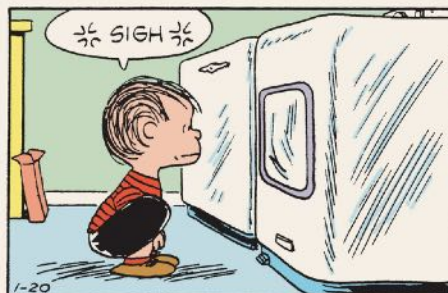
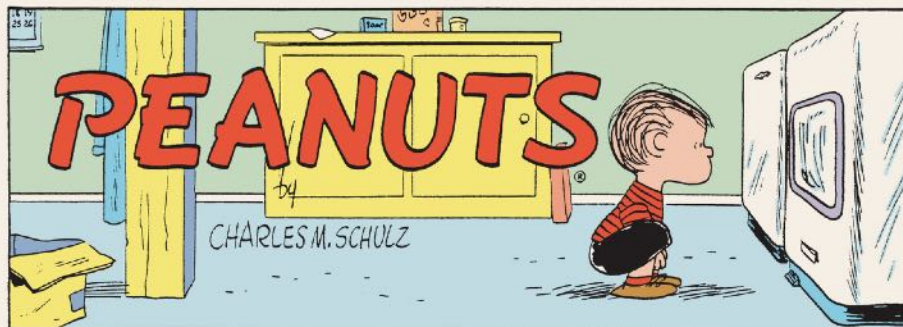
I THINK I'LL JUST
LIE HERE UNTIL THE
FIRST SNOW COMES
AND COVERS ME UP...





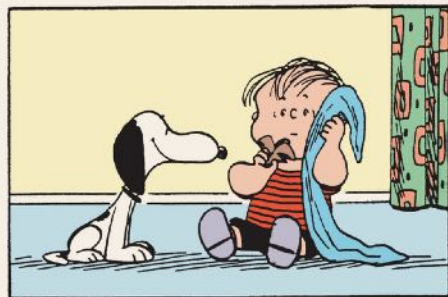
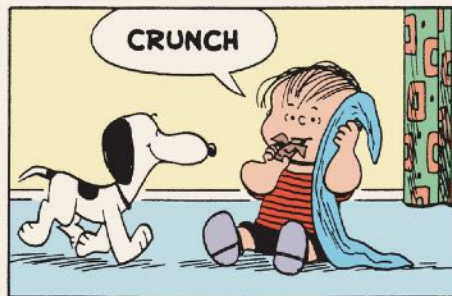
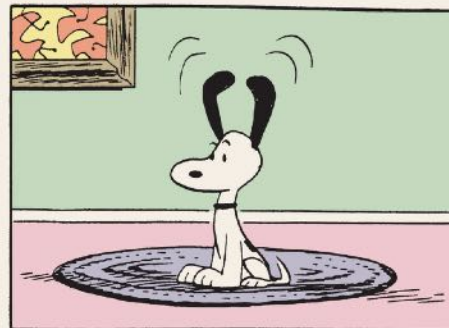


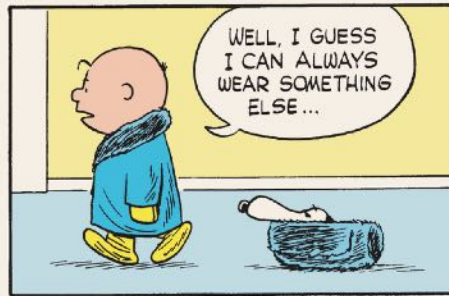
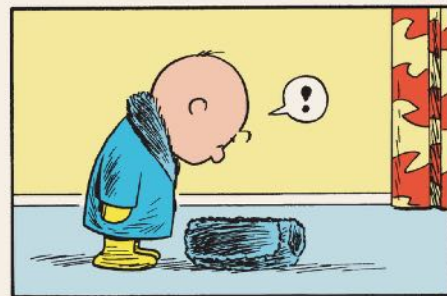
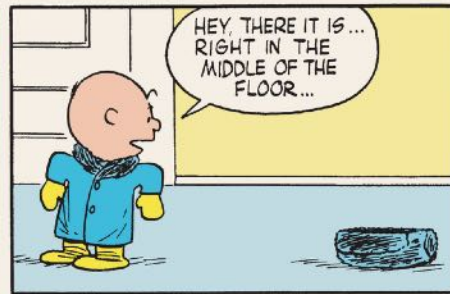




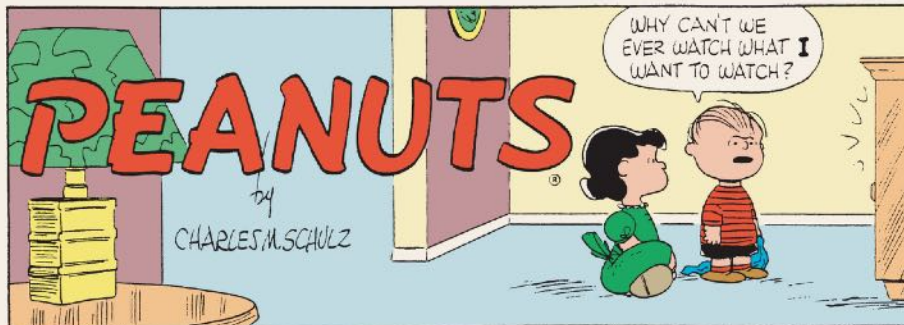












PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

YELL AT IT,
CHARLIE
BROWN..

WELL, GO
AHEAD..

YOU STUPID
TREE! LET GO
OF THAT
KITE!!

YELL
AT IT
AGAIN..

YOU STUPID
TREE! LET GO
OF THAT KITE!

NOW GRAB IT,
AND SHAKE IT !!

SHAKE IT
HARDER..

ARGH!

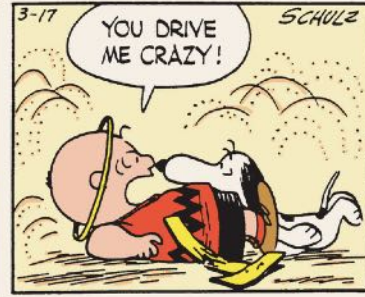
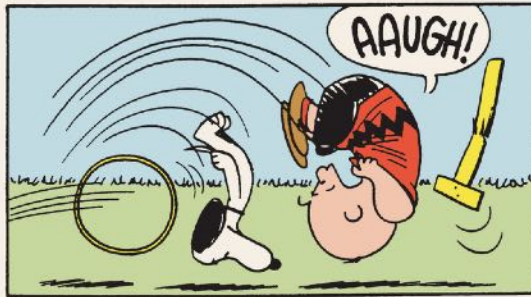
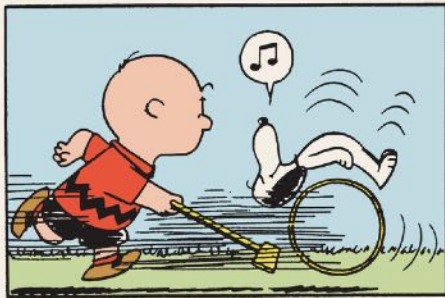
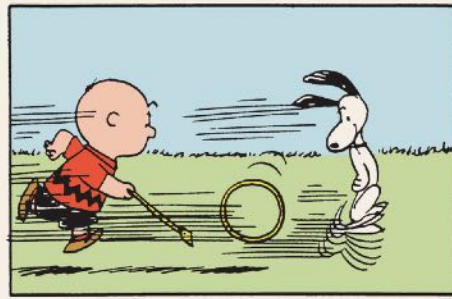
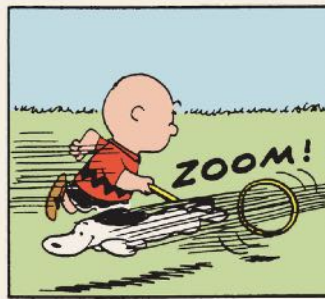
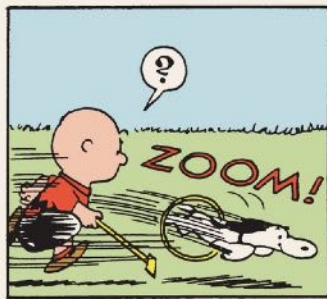
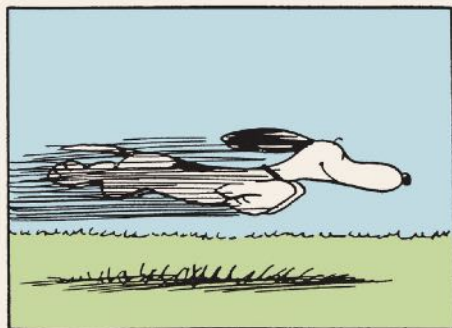
NOW KICK
IT!

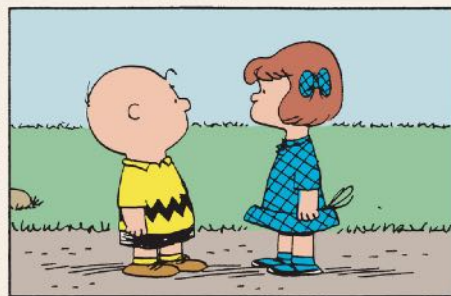
WHAM

WHY DO YOU DO
EVERYTHING I TELL YOU?

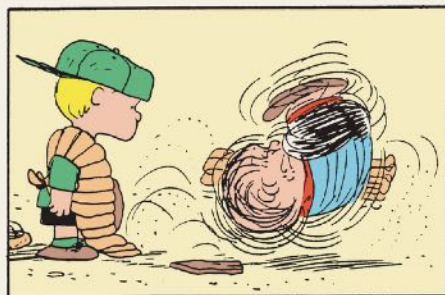
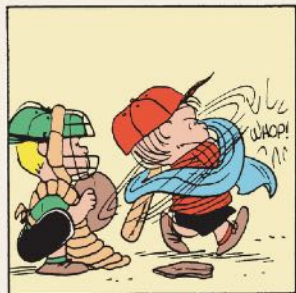
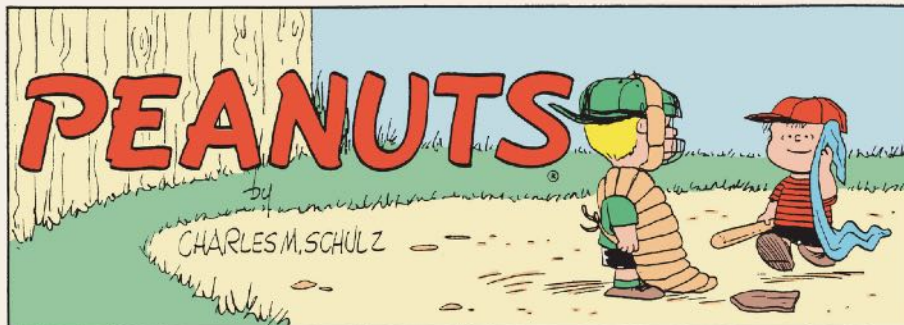
SCHULZ

3-10









PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ



GEE, IT
WOULD
BE NICE
TO BE A
BIRD!

THEN, IF
YOU WEREN'T
SATISFIED
WHERE YOU
WERE, YOU
COULD..

..TAKE
OFF!

AND THEN IF YOU
WEREN'T SATISFIED
THERE, YOU COULD
TAKE OFF
AGAIN!

ZOOM!

ZOOM!

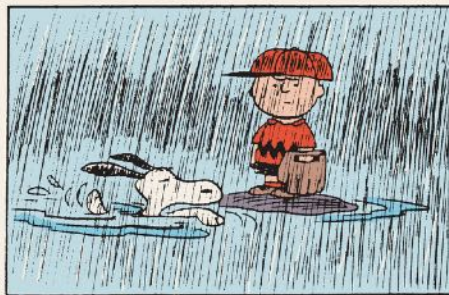
ZOOM!

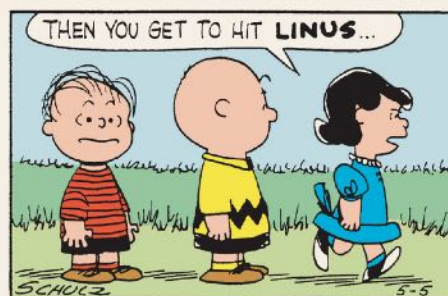
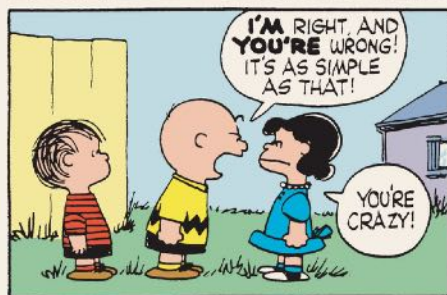
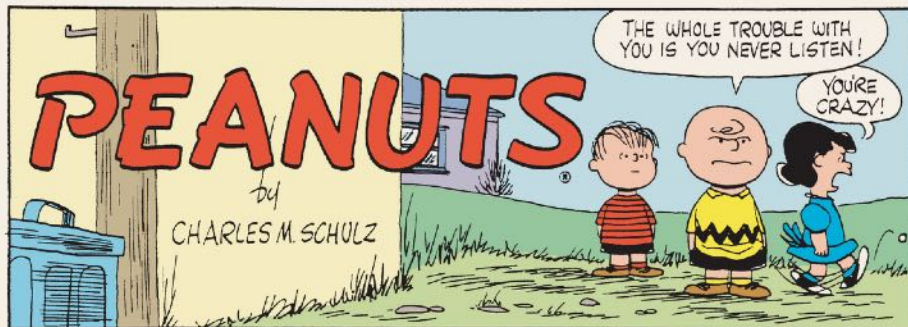
* WHEW *

I'M NOT SURE I
COULD STAND ALL
THAT ZOOMING..

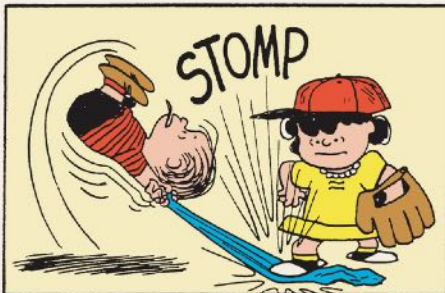
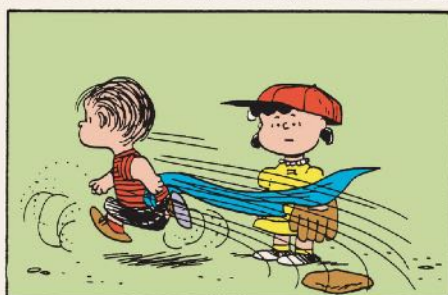
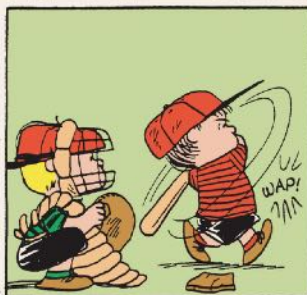
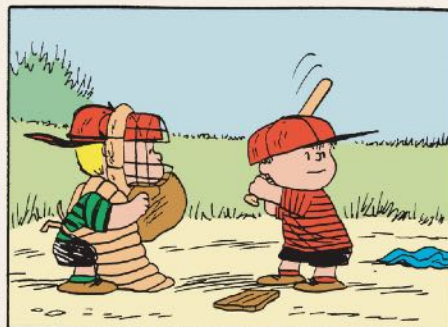
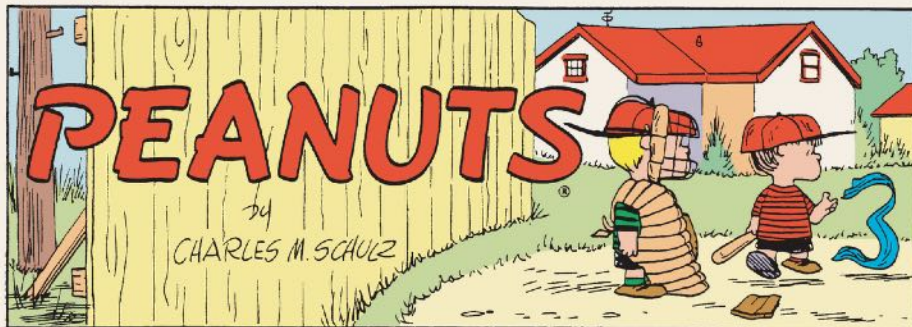
4-14

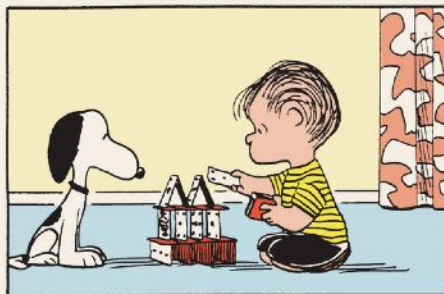
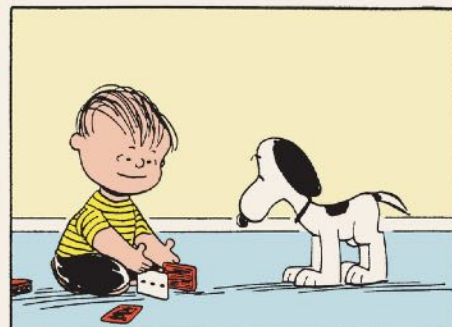
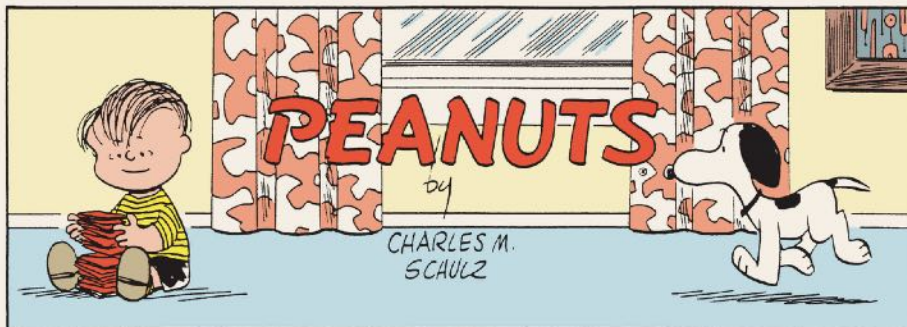
SCHULZ

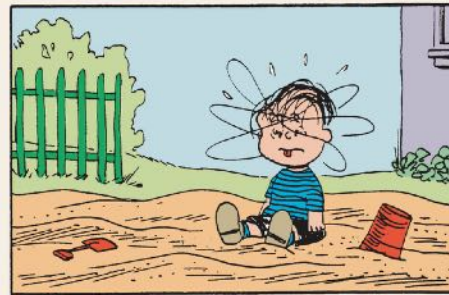
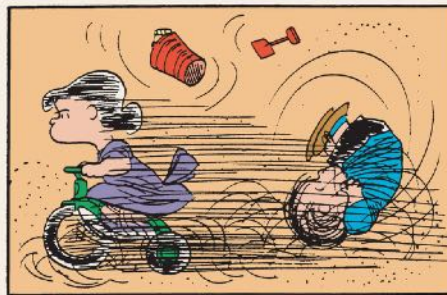
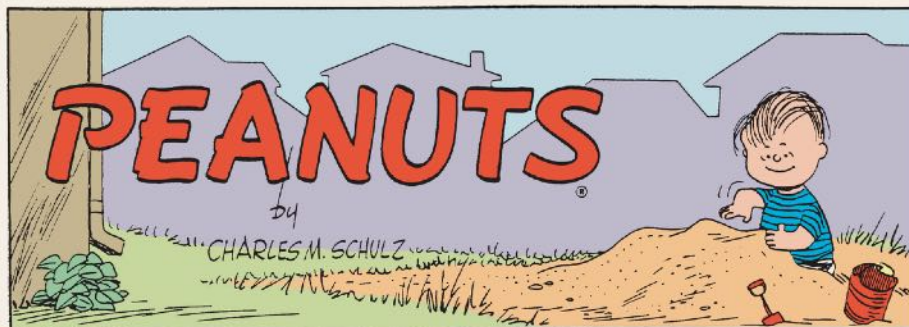


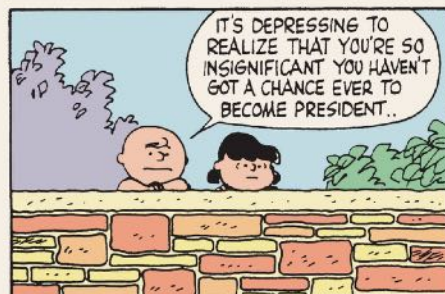
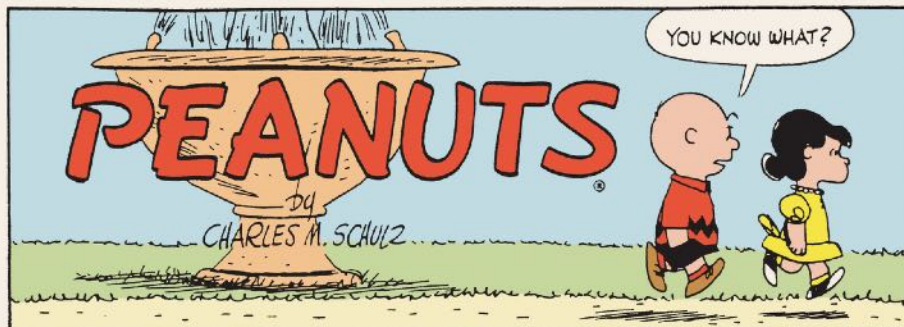


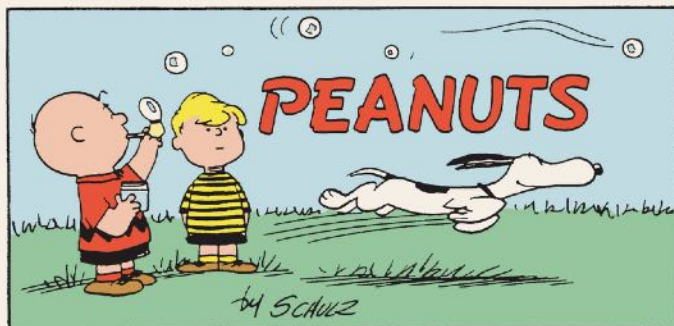


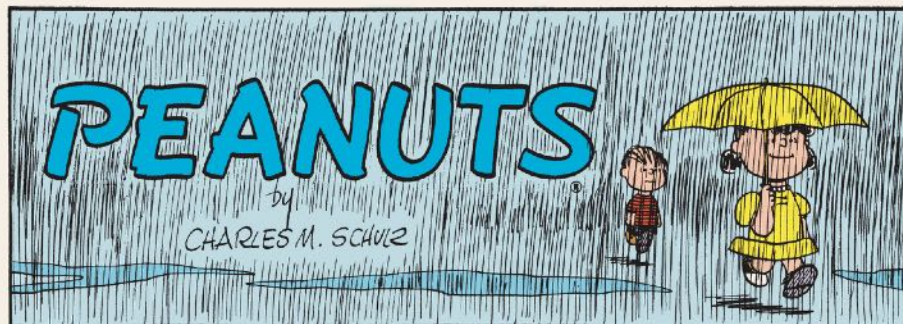


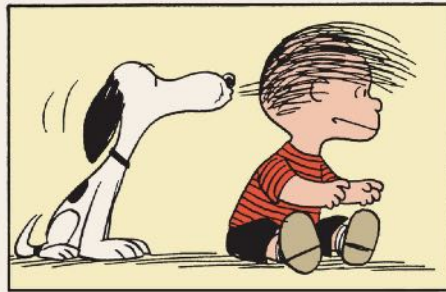
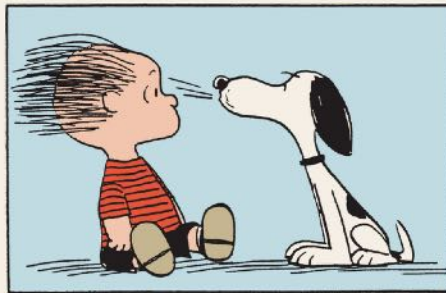
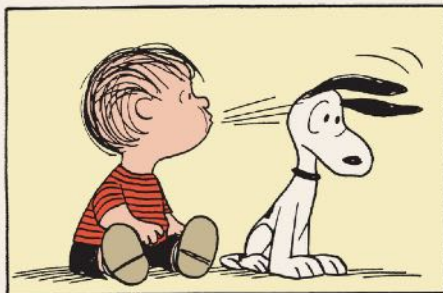
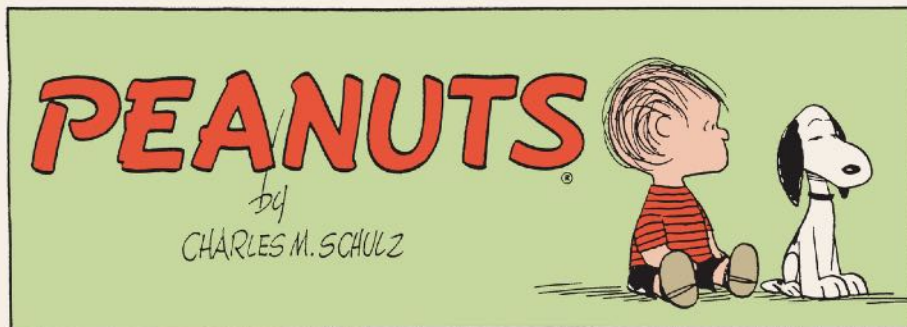


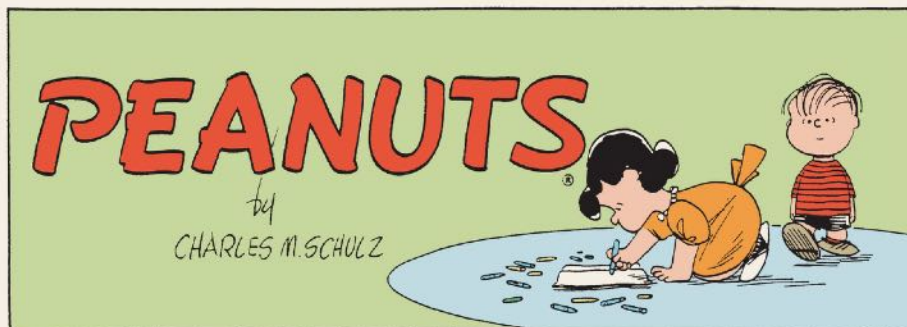








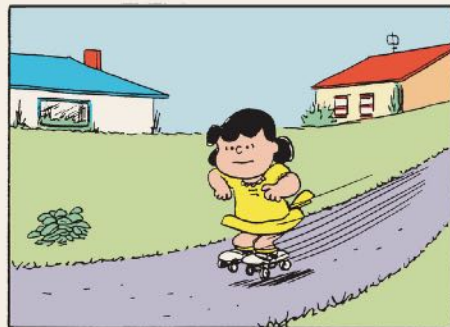


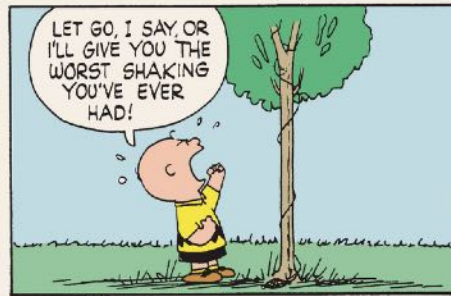
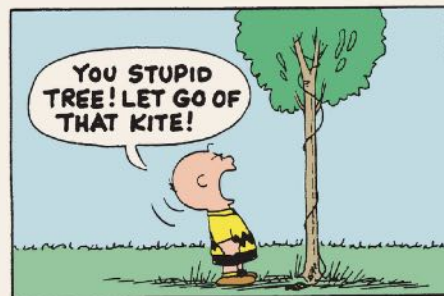
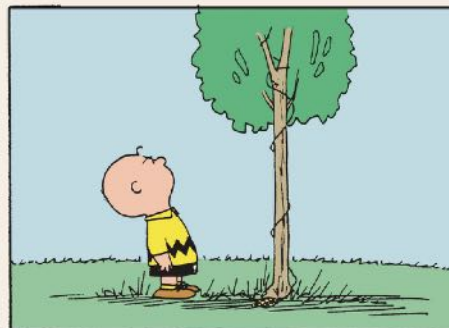
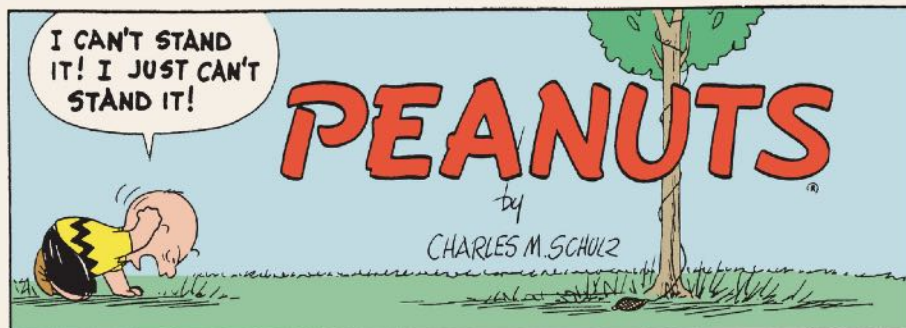




PEANUTS

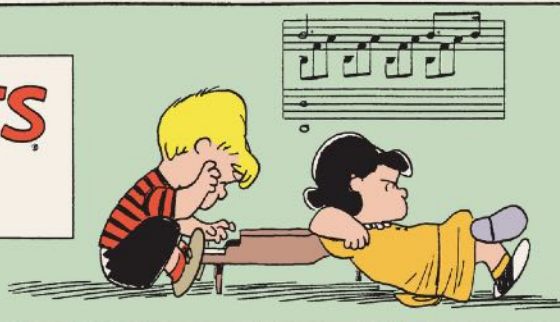
by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

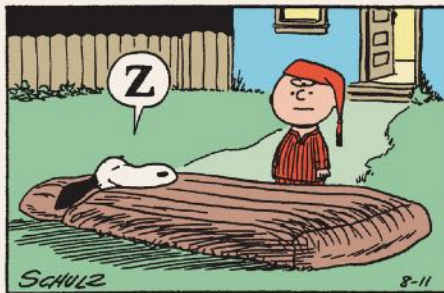
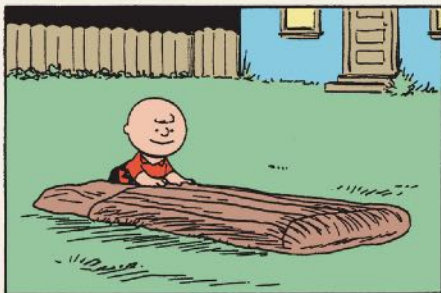
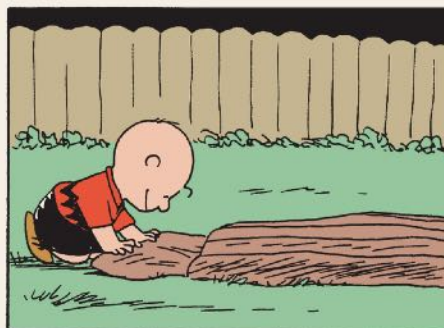


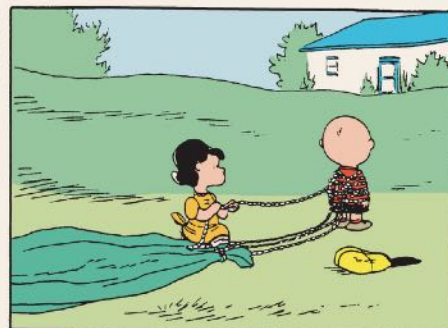
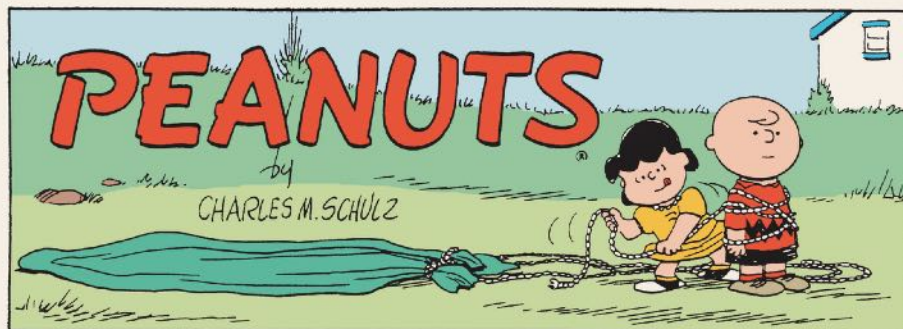


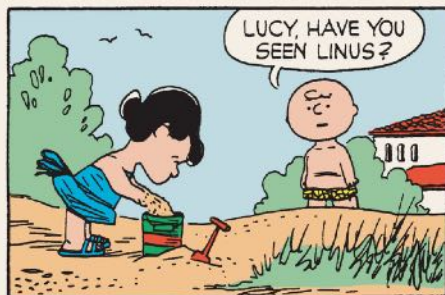
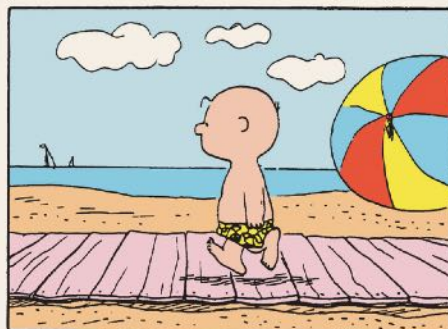
PEANUTS

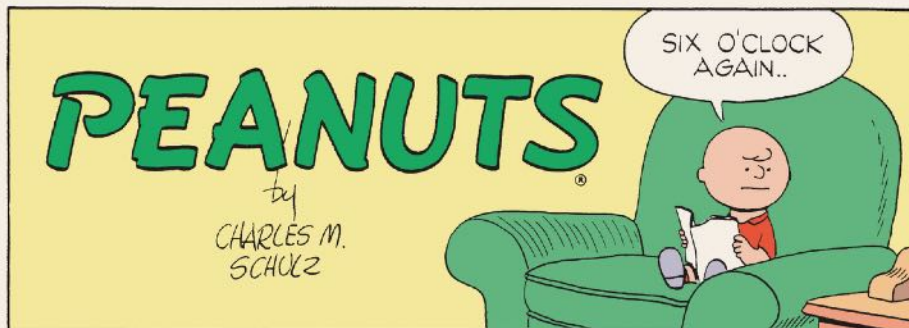
by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

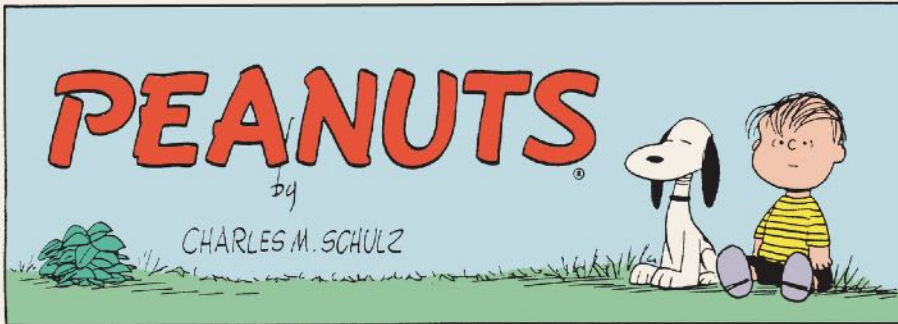


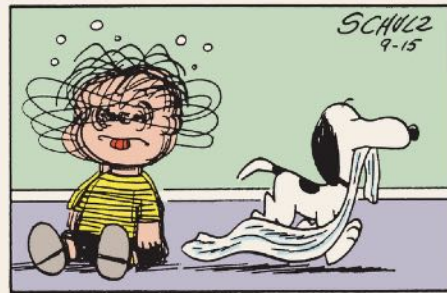
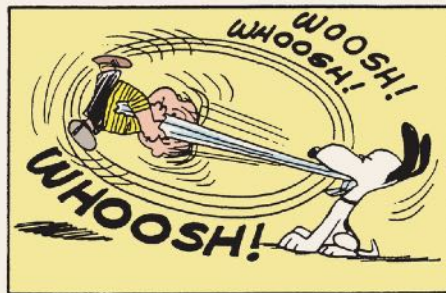
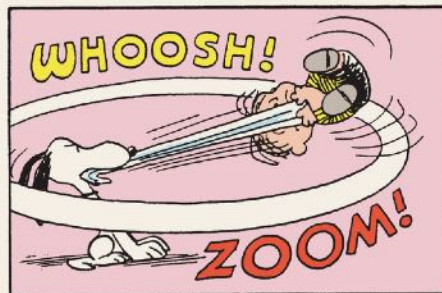
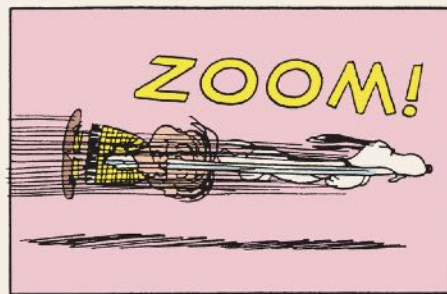
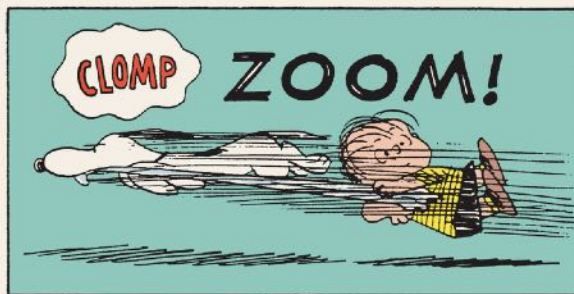


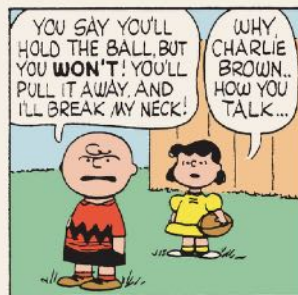


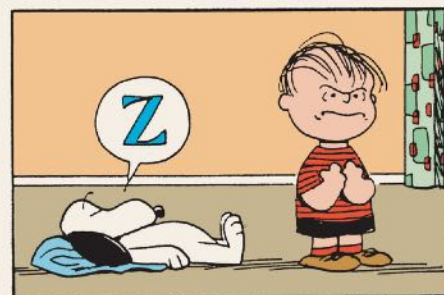
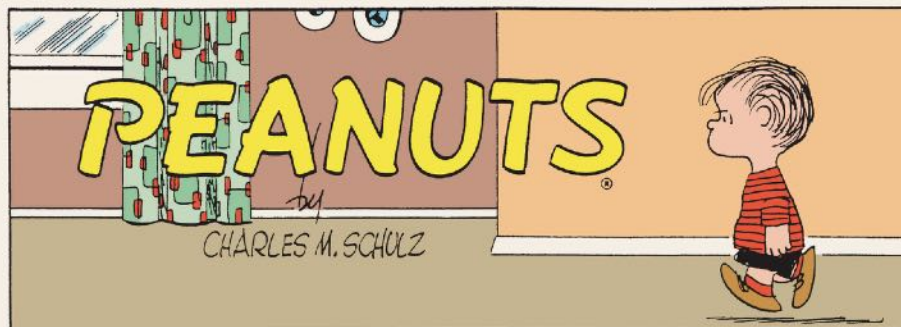


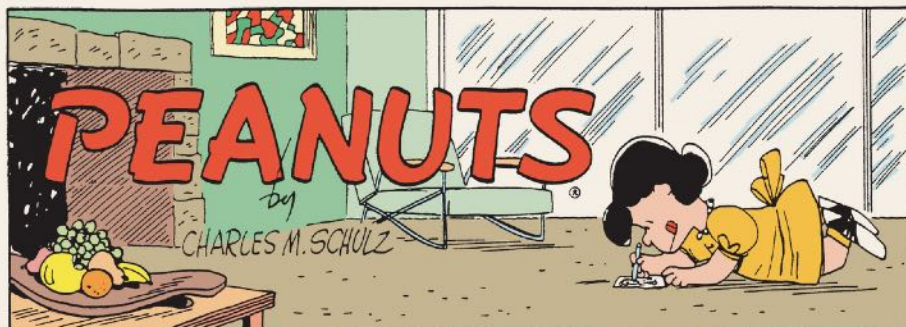


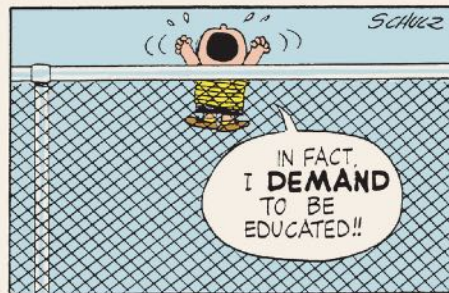
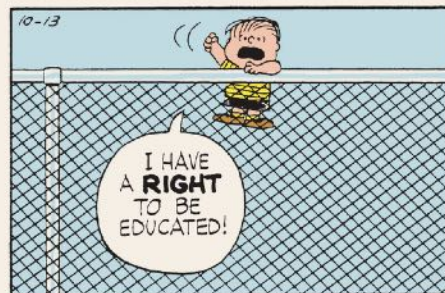
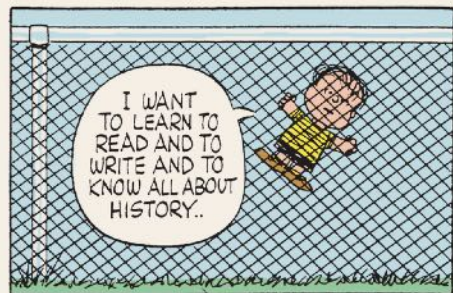
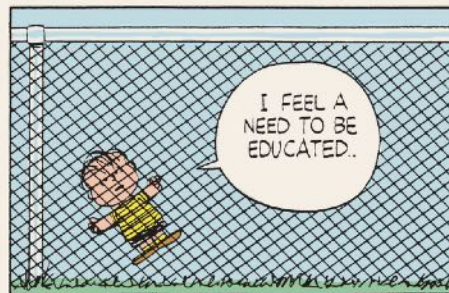


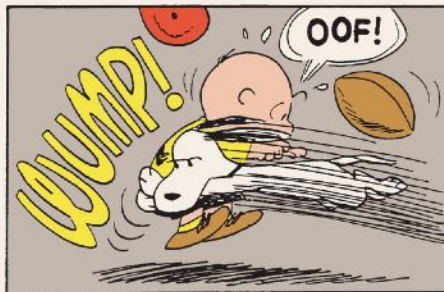
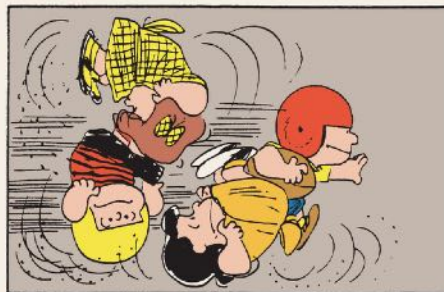
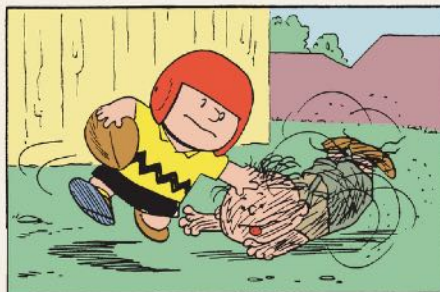
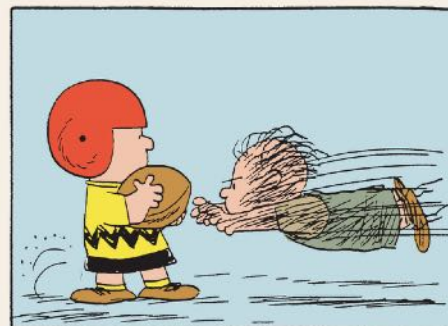
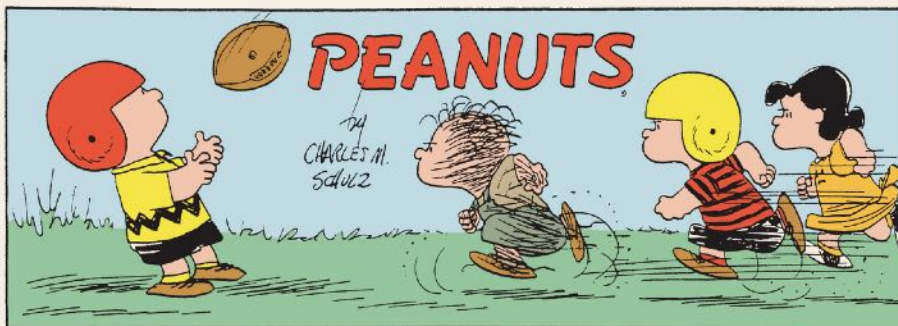


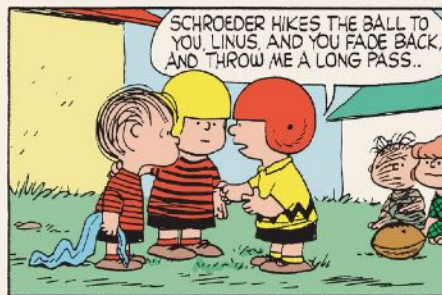
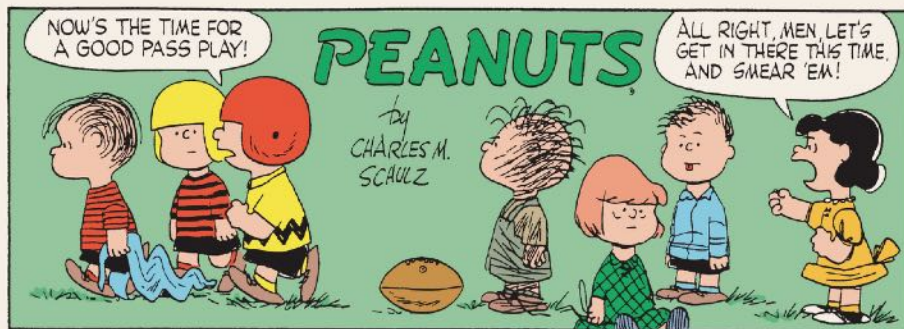


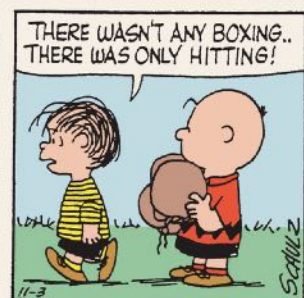


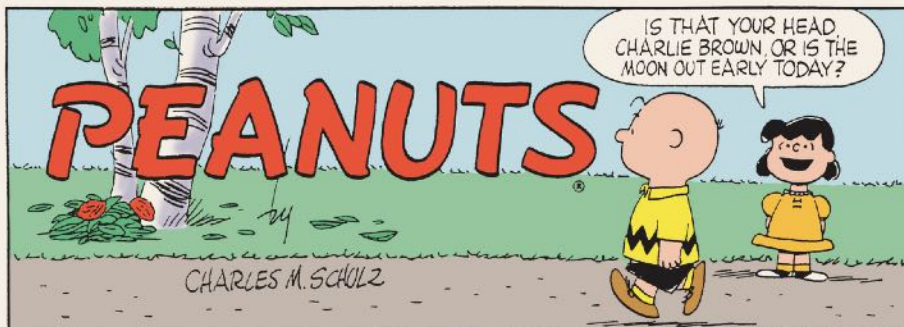






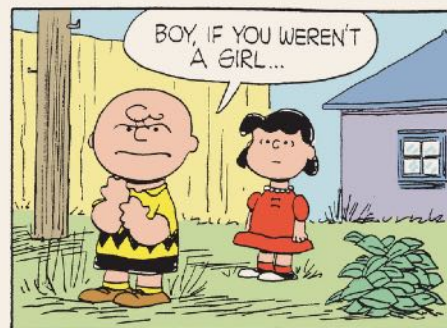








YOU AND YOUR
INSULTS!



BOY, IF YOU WEREN'T
A GIRL...



I OUGHTA
SLUG YOU A
GOOD ONE!



ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE BROWN!
COME ON, AND TRY IT!



YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING
BIG! NOW, C'MON! TRY IT!!



FIGHT!
FIGHT!

OH, GOOD
GRIEF!

C'MON, CHARLIE
BROWN! PUT
'EM UP!

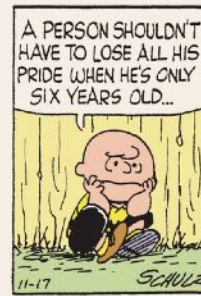
FIGHT!



C'MON...I'M READY FOR YOU!
PUT 'EM UP THERE!!



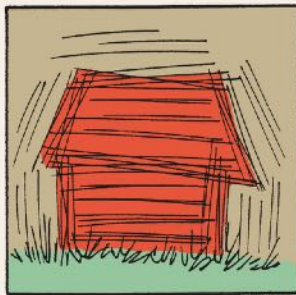
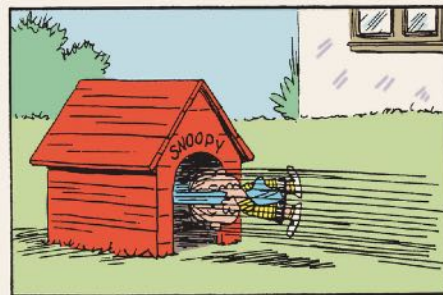
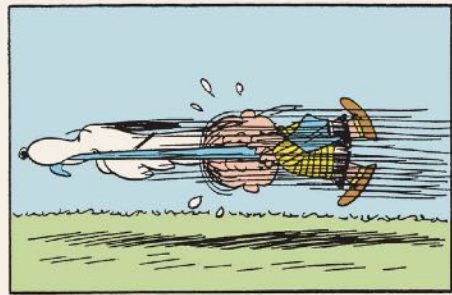
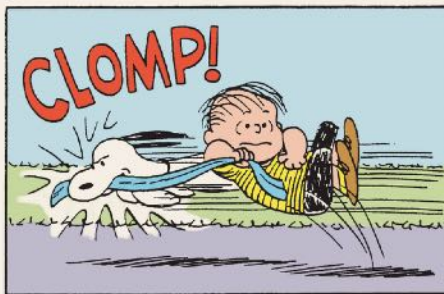
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

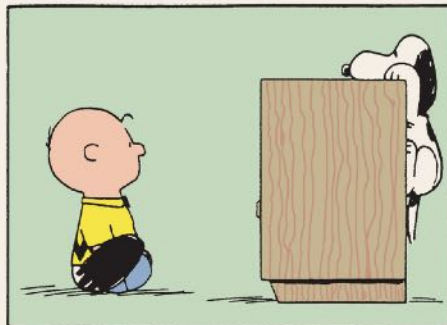
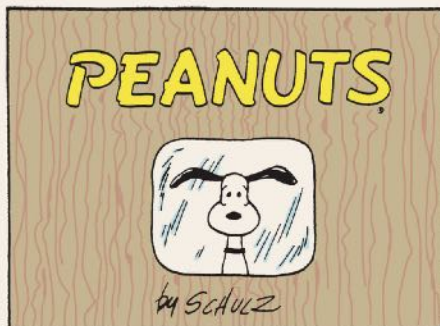


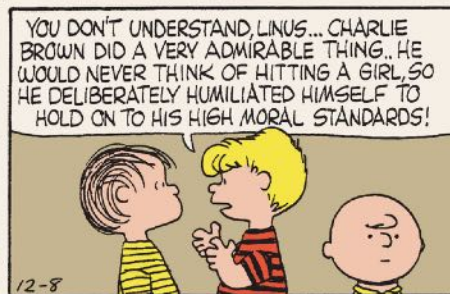
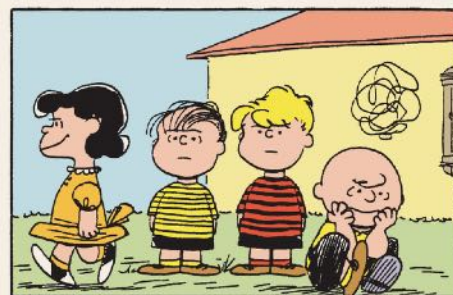
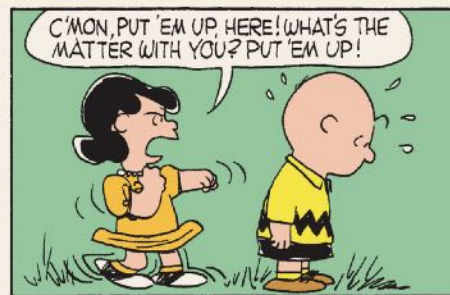
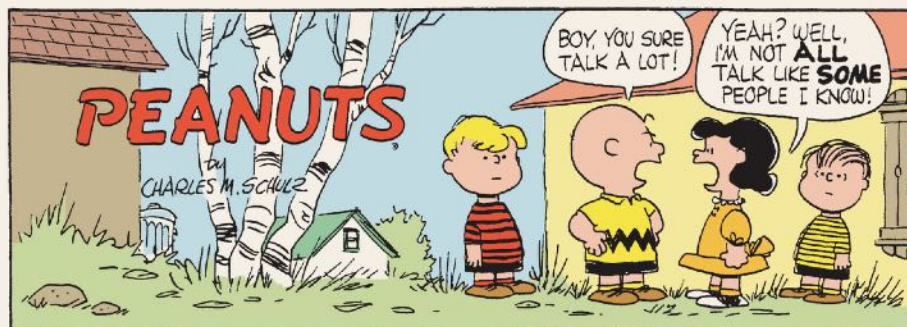
A PERSON SHOULDN'T
HAVE TO LOSE ALL HIS
PRIDE WHEN HE'S ONLY
SIX YEARS OLD...

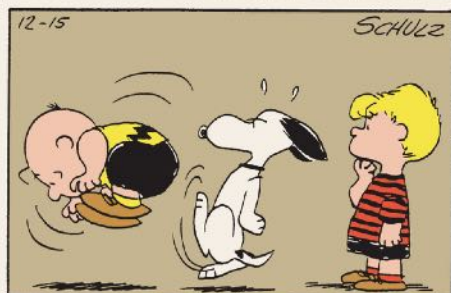
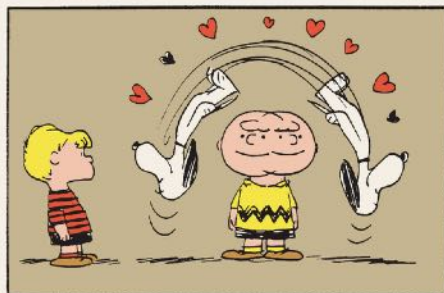
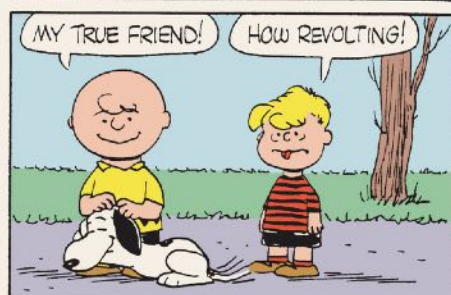
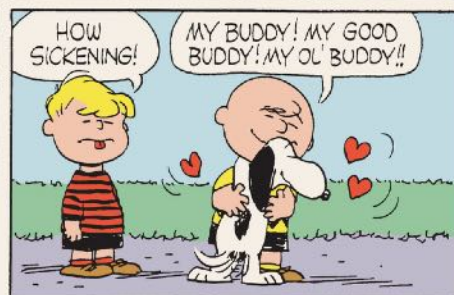
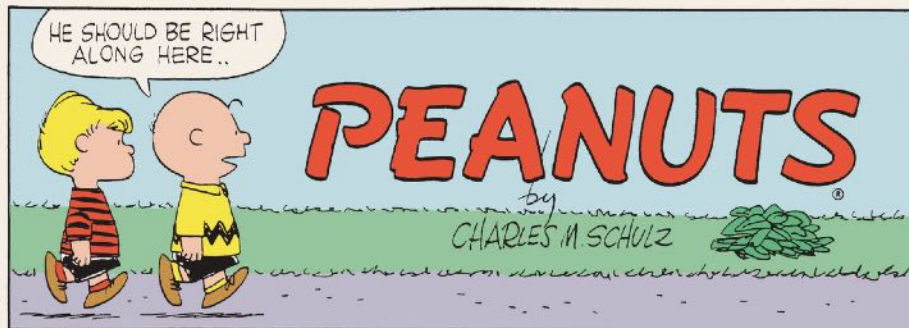
11-17

SCHULZ

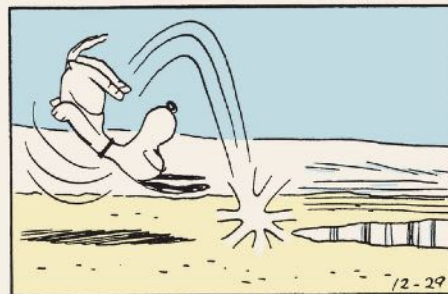
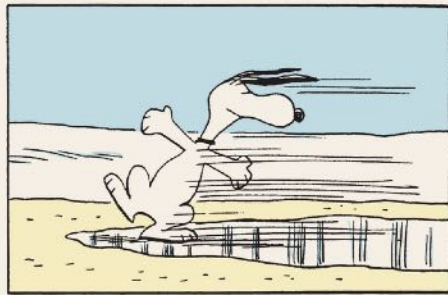
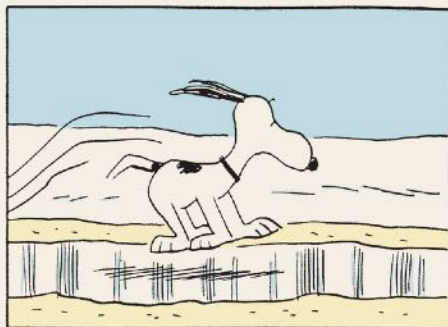
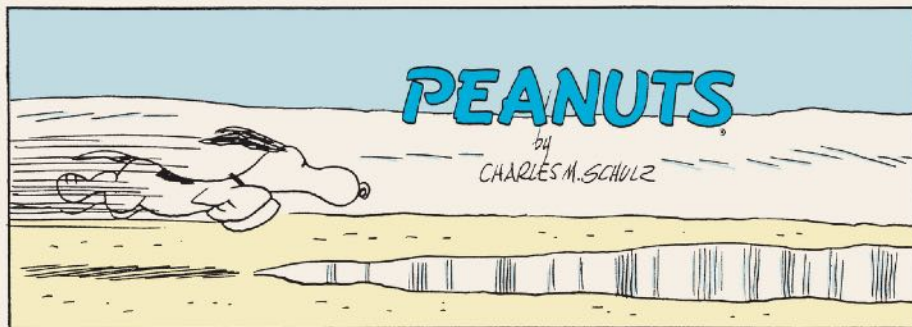




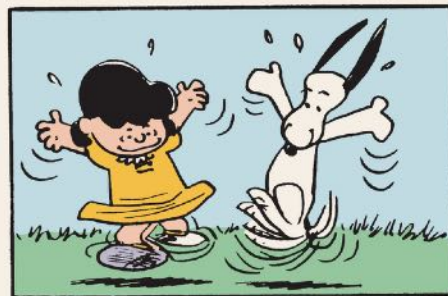
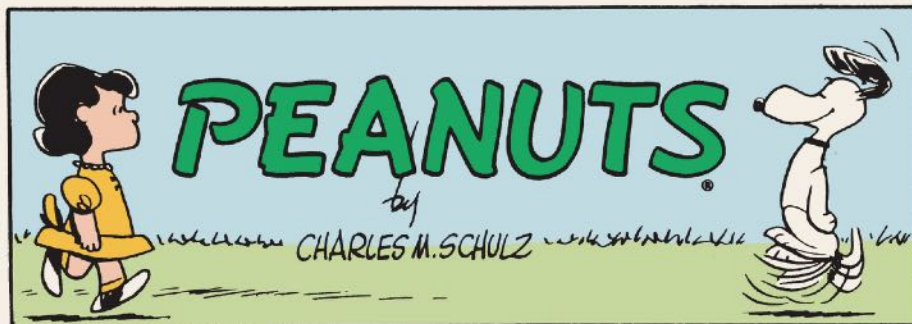


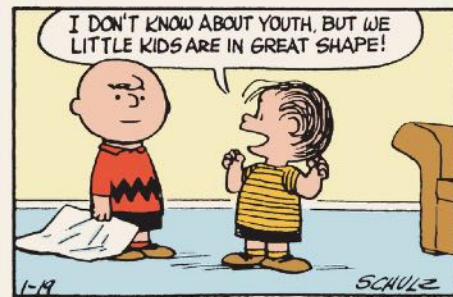
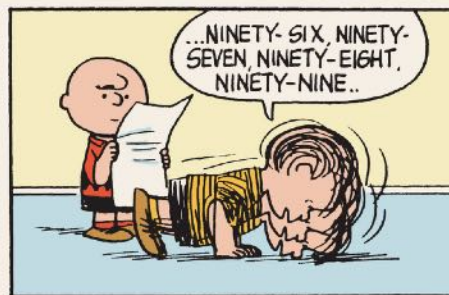
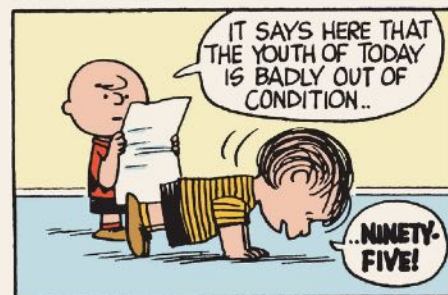
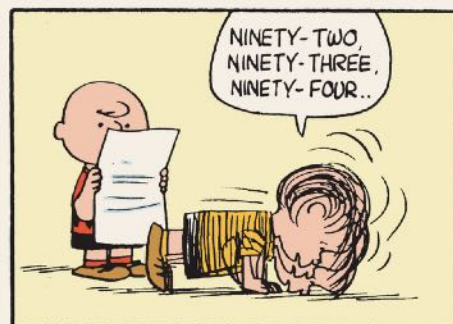
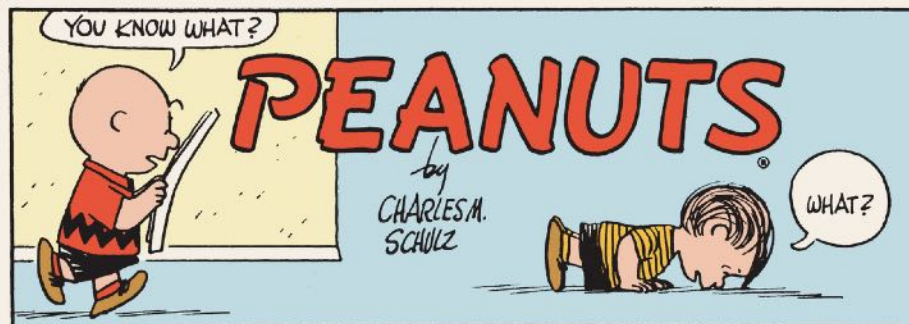




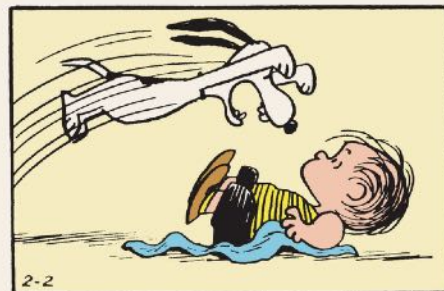
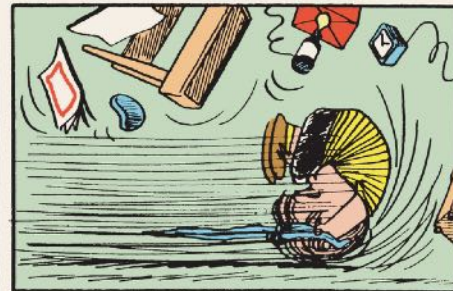
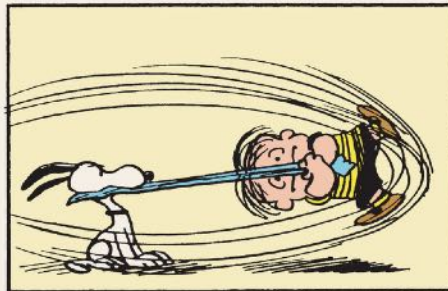




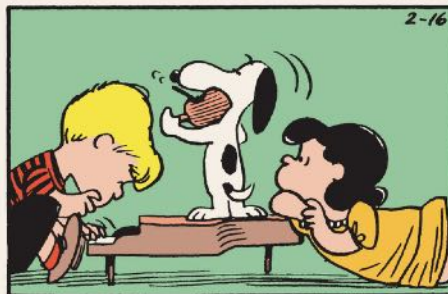
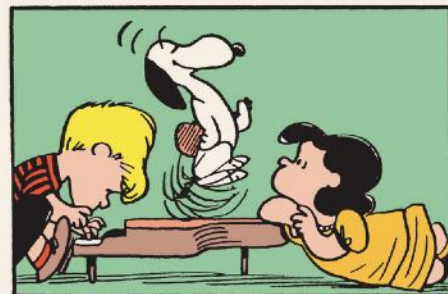
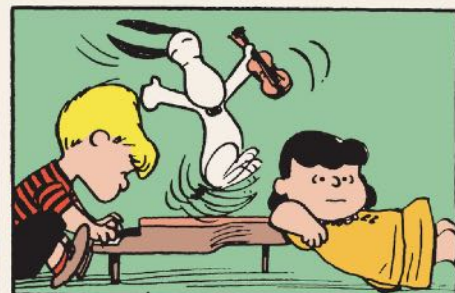
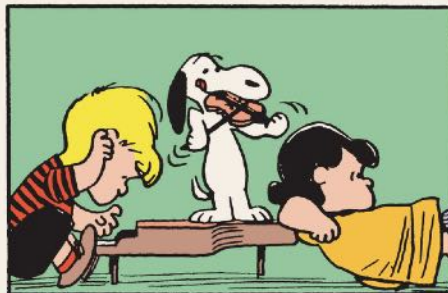
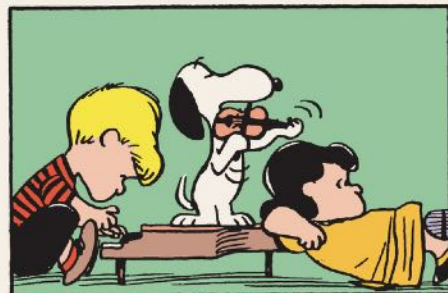
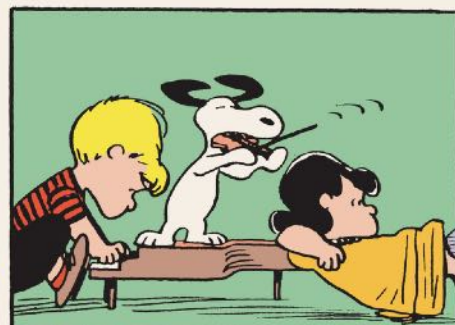
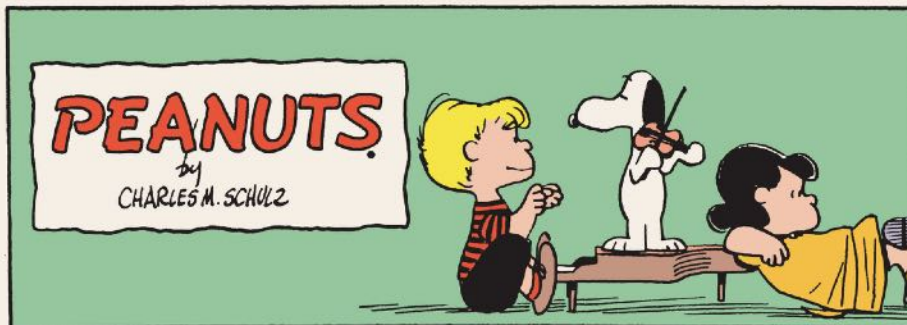


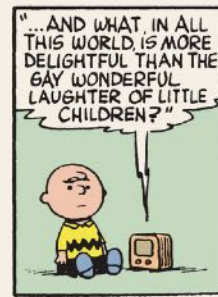
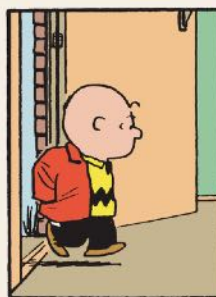
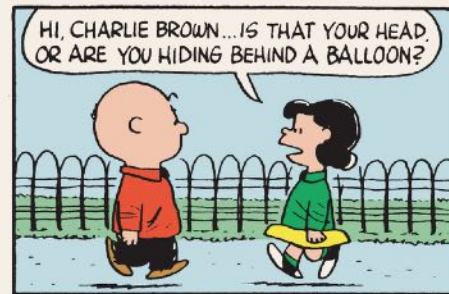


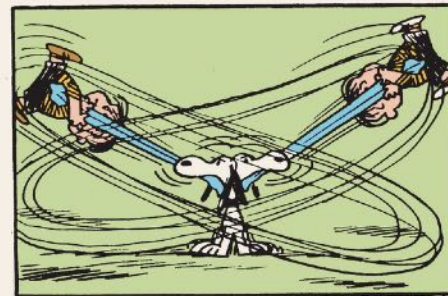
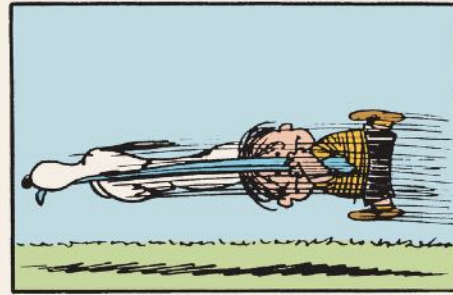
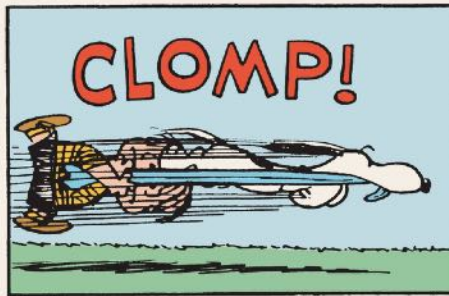
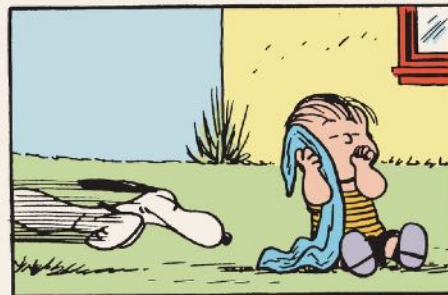
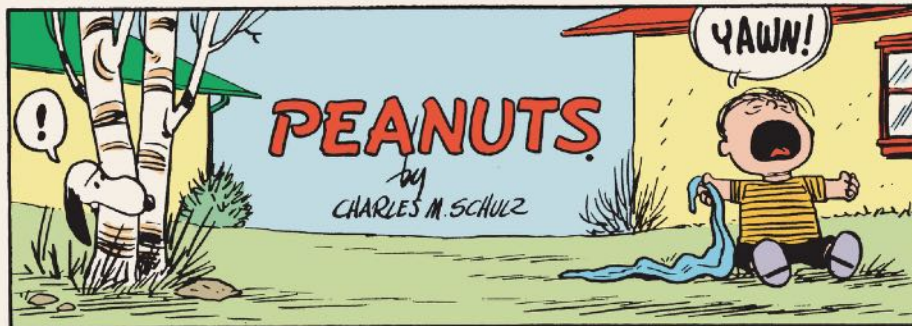


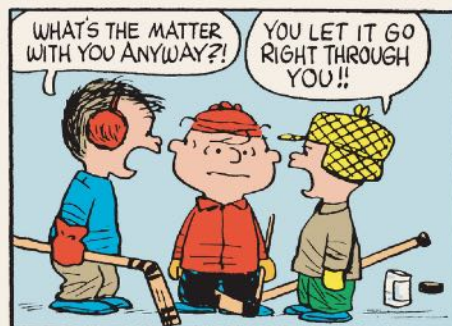


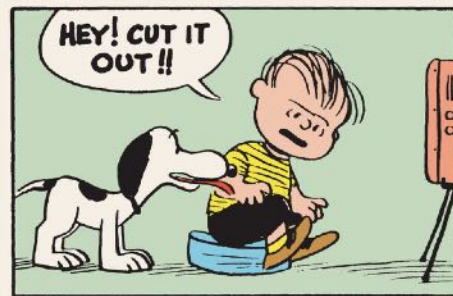
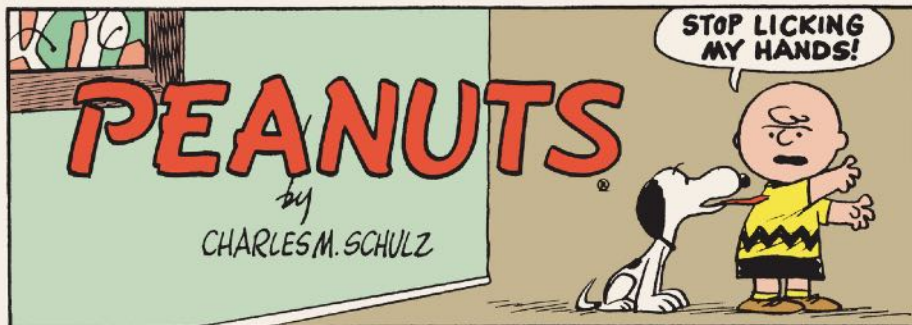


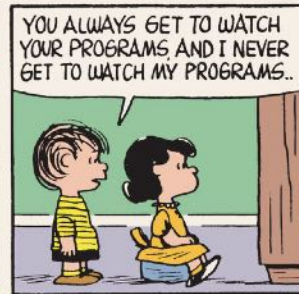
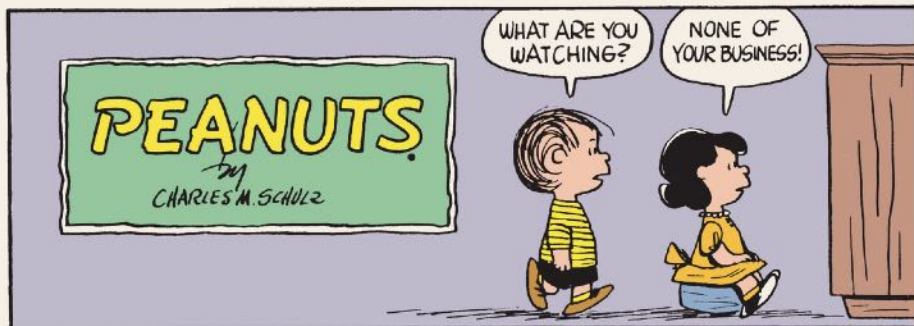


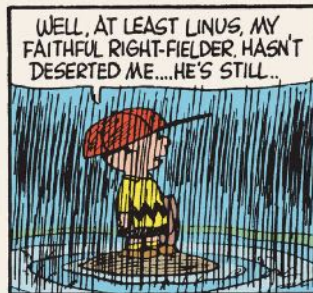


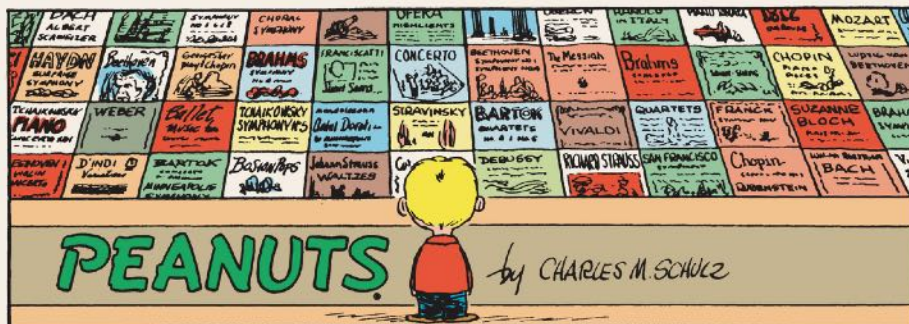




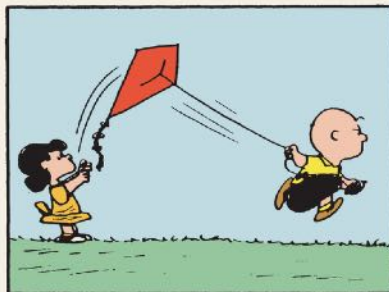
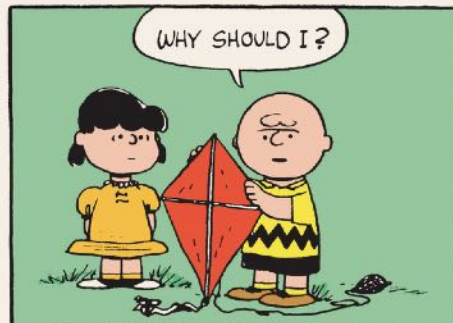


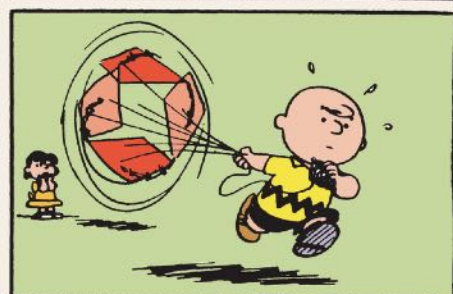
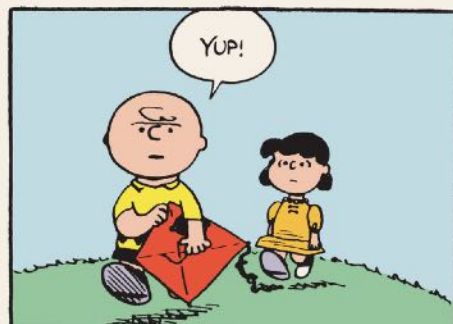
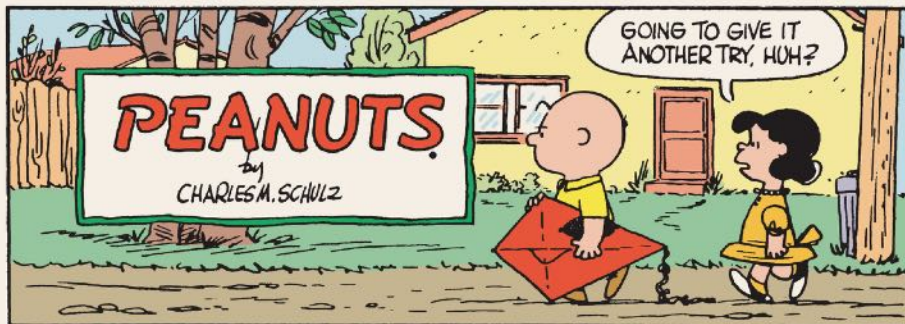






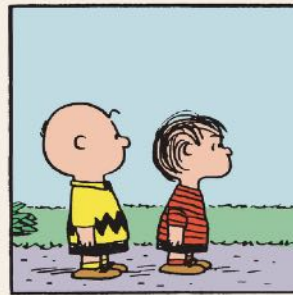
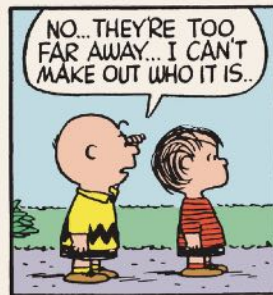
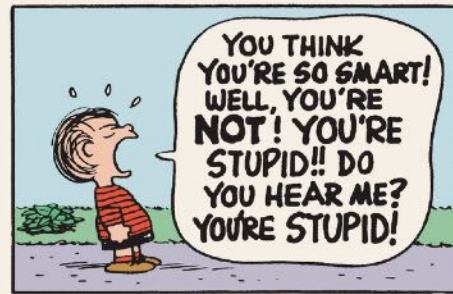
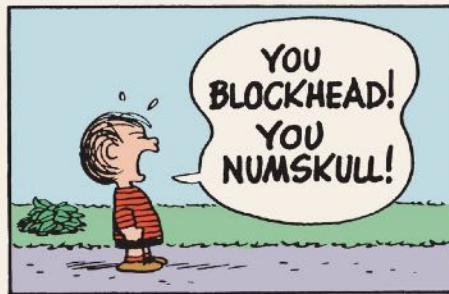
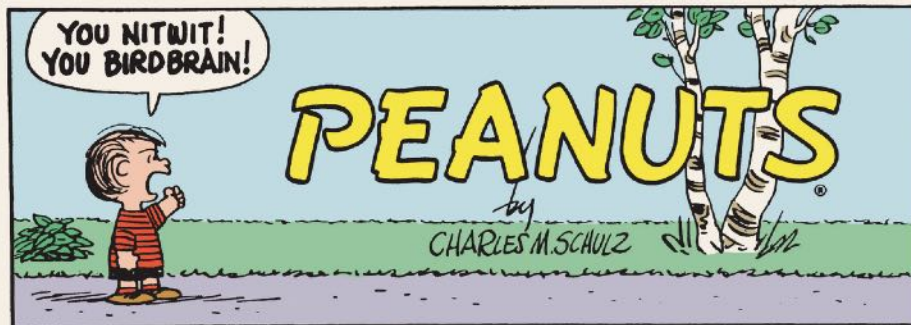


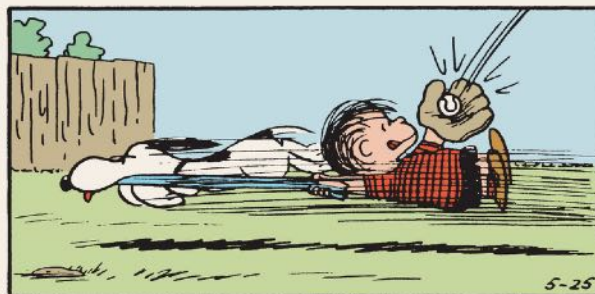
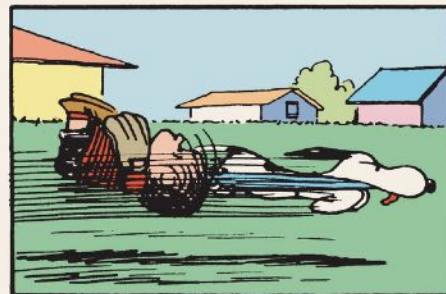
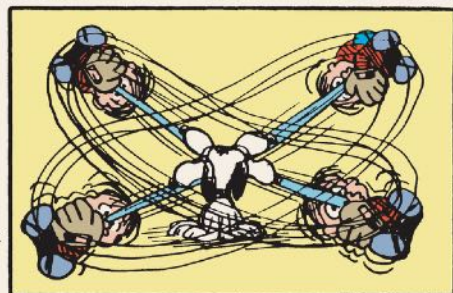
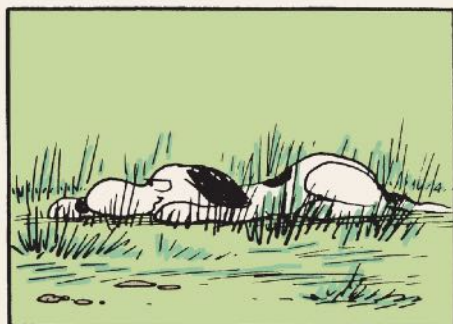




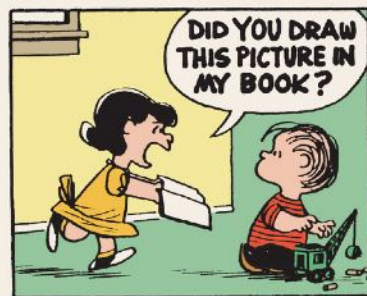


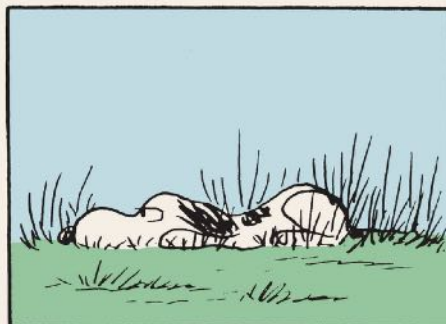


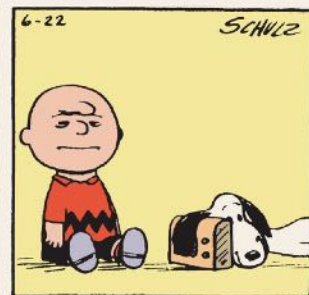
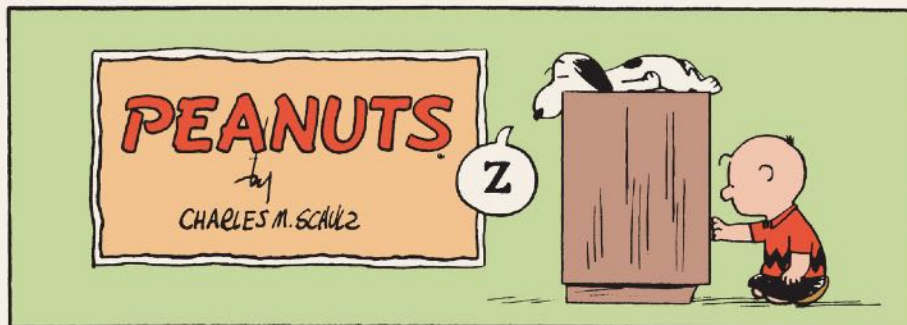






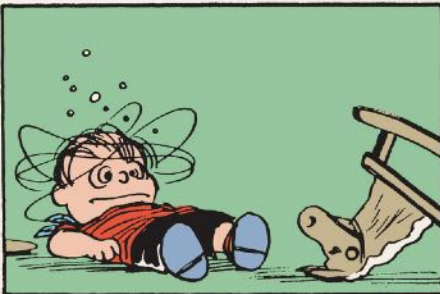
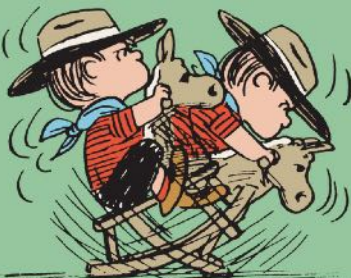






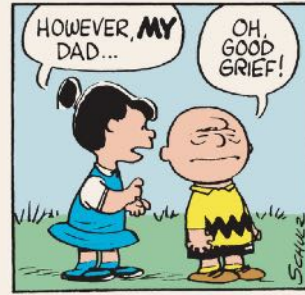
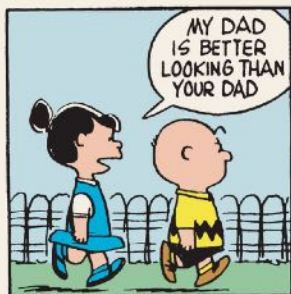
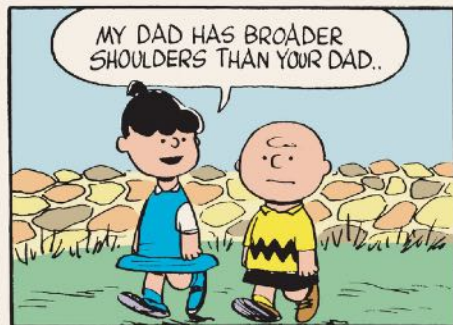
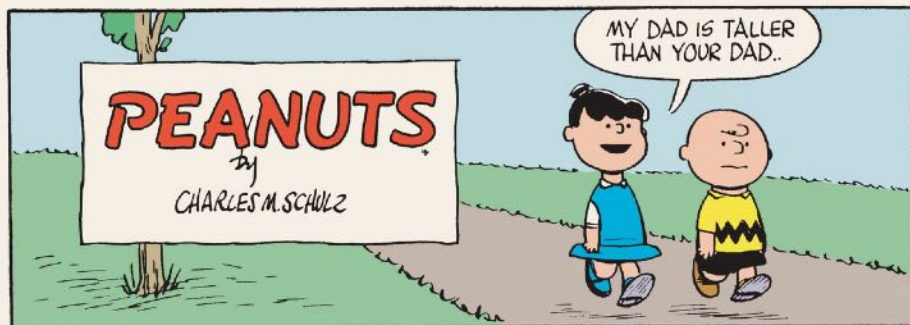
PEANUTS

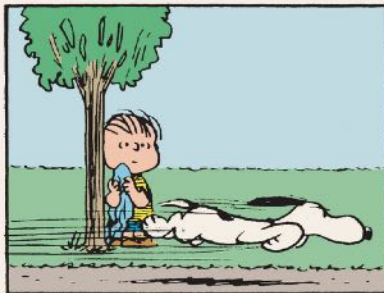
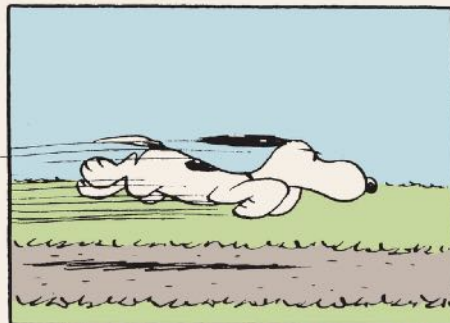
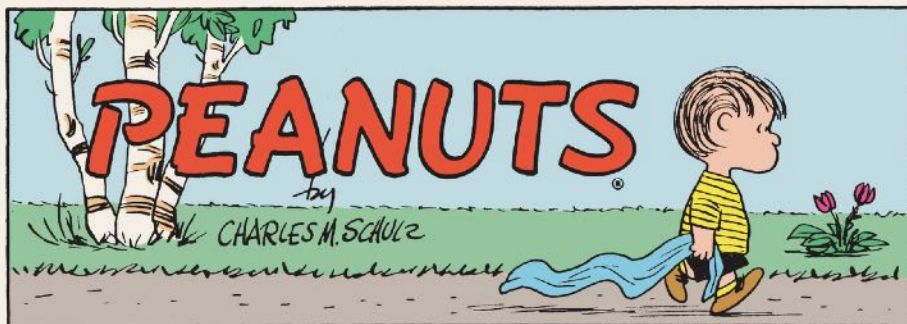
by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ

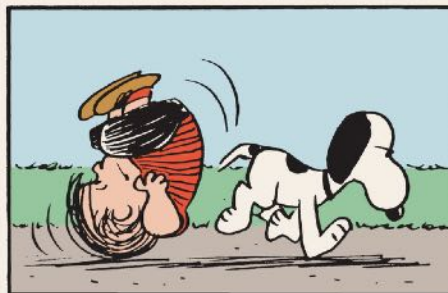


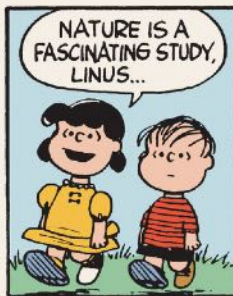
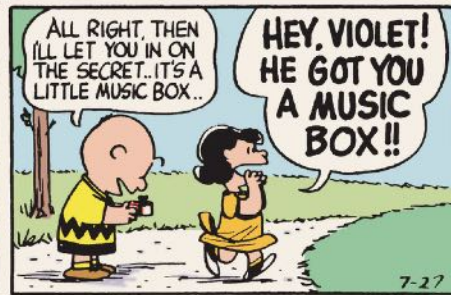
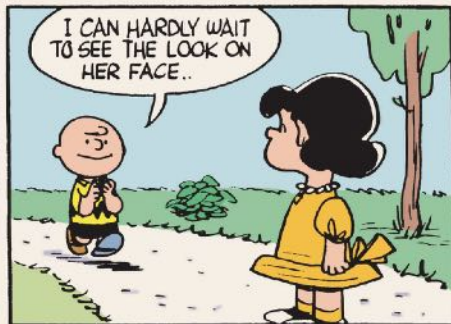
6-29

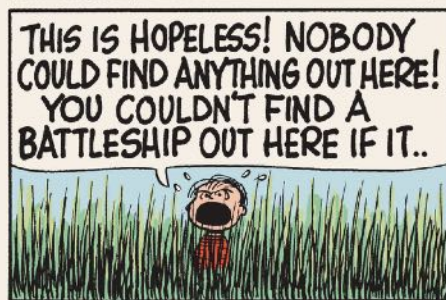
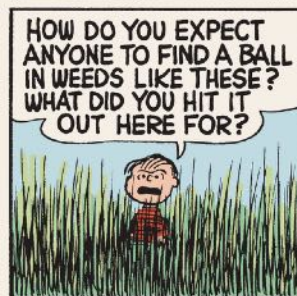
SCHULZ





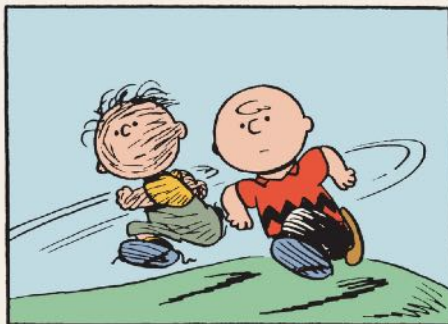


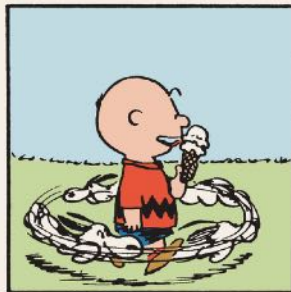
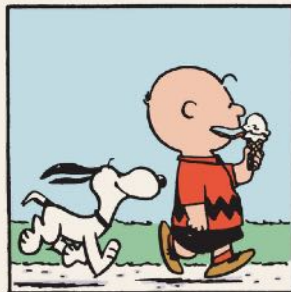
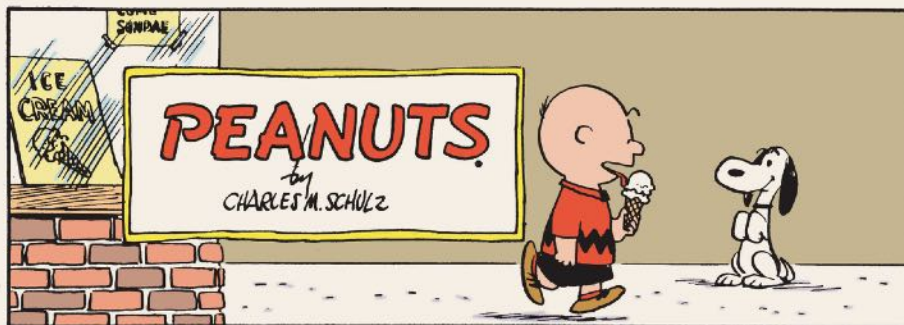


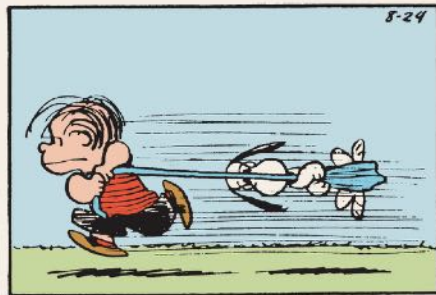
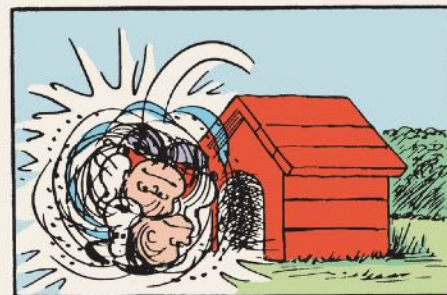
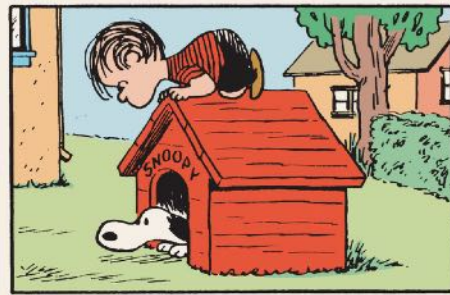
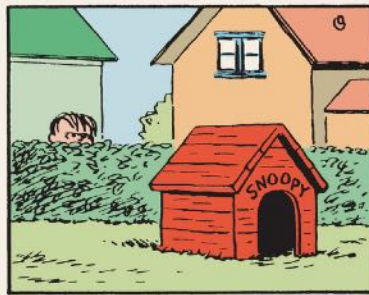
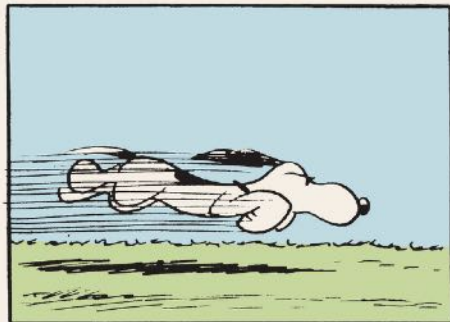
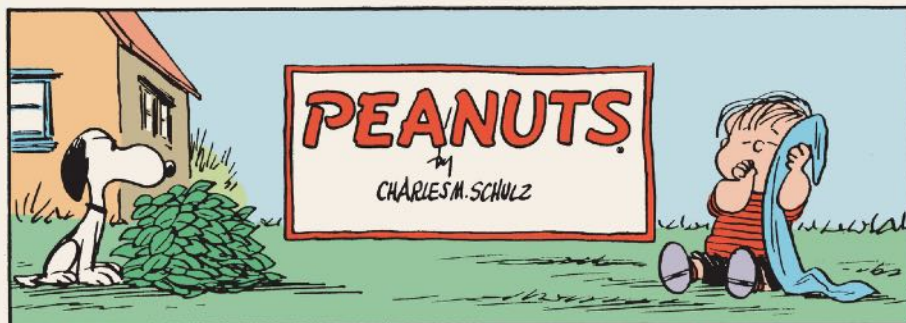


PEANUTS

by
CHARLES M. SCHULZ









PEANUTS

by
SCHULZ

* SIGH * THERE'S
NOBODY AS FASCINATING
AS A MUSICIAN...

WELL...IT'S NOW
OR NEVER...

* AHEM *

YOU KNOW, SCHROEDER...HEE
HEE HEE HEE...IF YOU EVER
WANTED TO...HEE HEE HEE...
LEAN OVER, AND KISS ME...
HEE HEE HEE HEE... I
WOULDN'T MIND...

GOOD
GRIEF!

I MEAN...
HEE HEE HEE...
IF YOU REALLY
WANTED TO...
...HEE HEE HEE
HEE HEE...

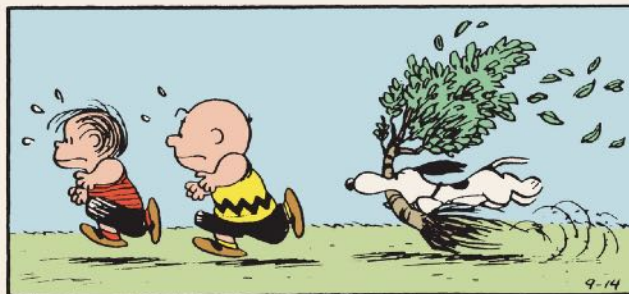
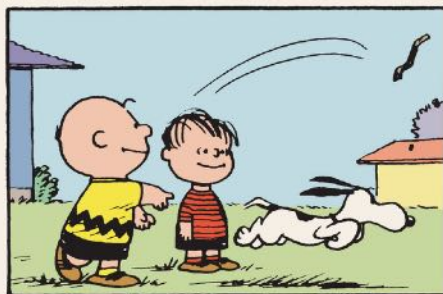
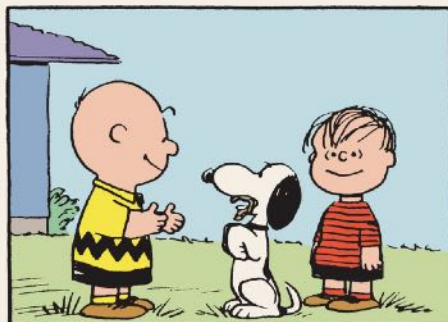
I MEAN...AFTER ALL...
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH A
LITTLE KISS BETWEEN FRIENDS...

ON THE EAR...WHY, HOW
QUAINT...HOW LIKE A MUSICIAN...

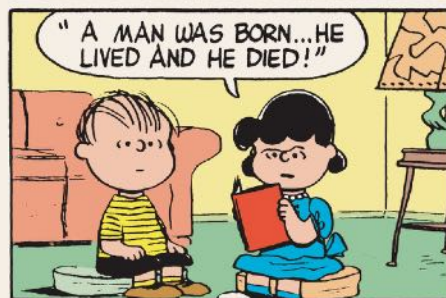
SMACK!

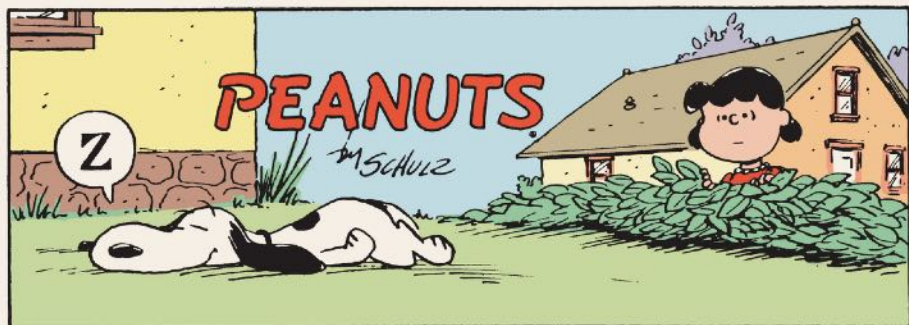
GERMS! DISEASE!!
INFECTION!!!

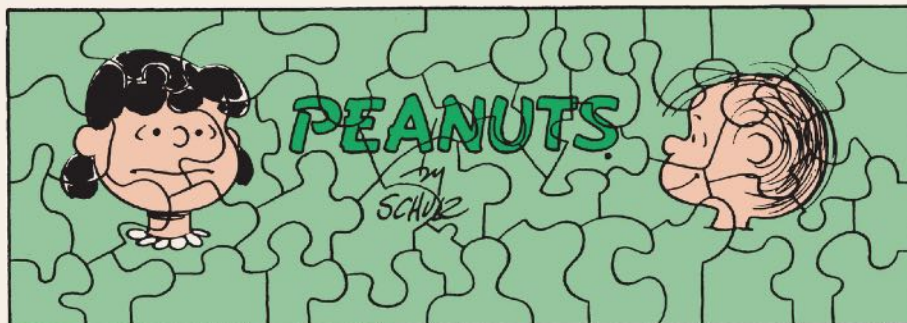
I'VE NEVER BEEN
SO INSULTED IN ALL
MY LIFE!

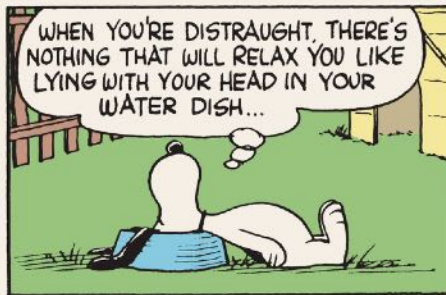
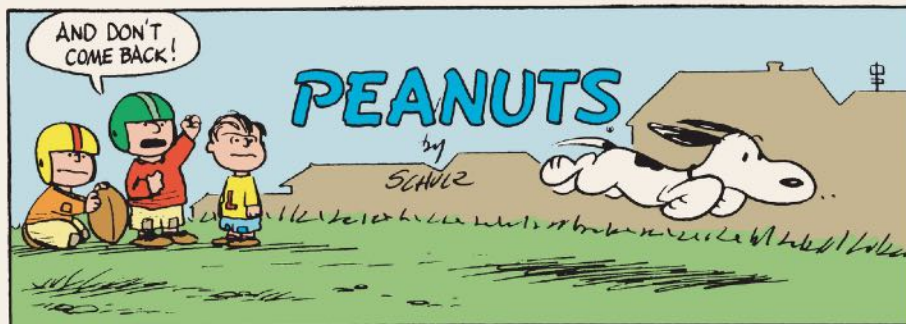




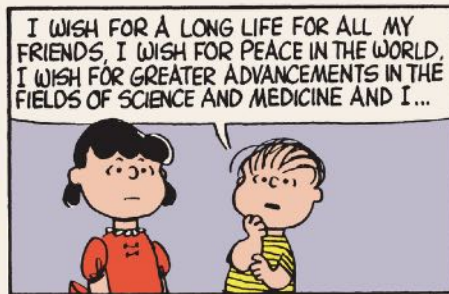


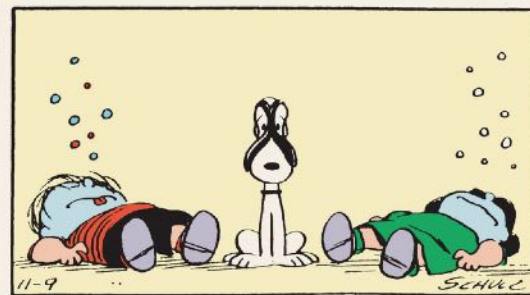
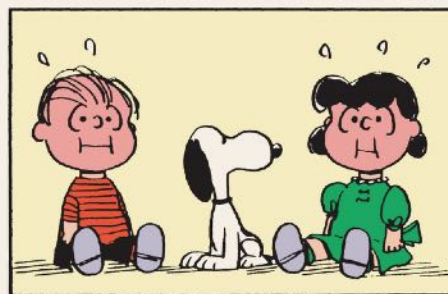


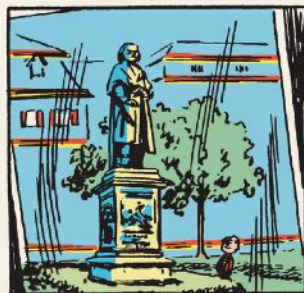


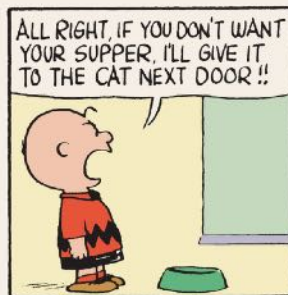
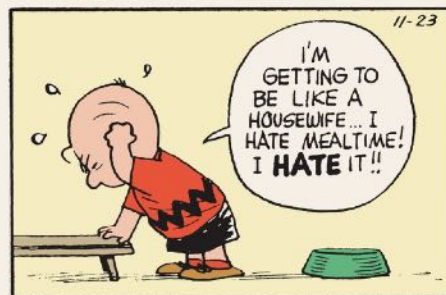
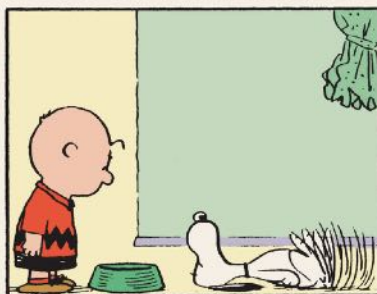


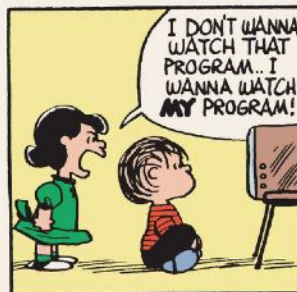
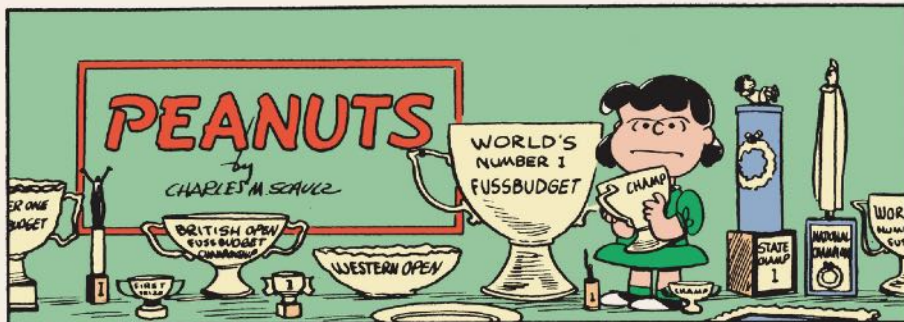




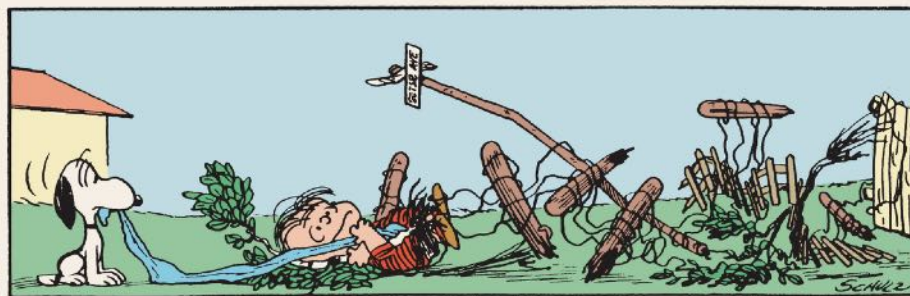
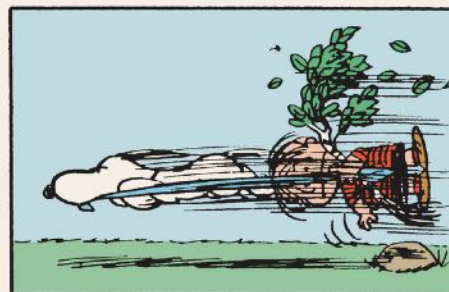
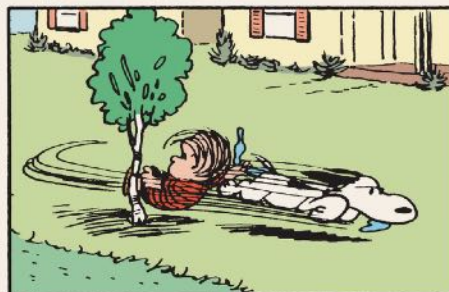
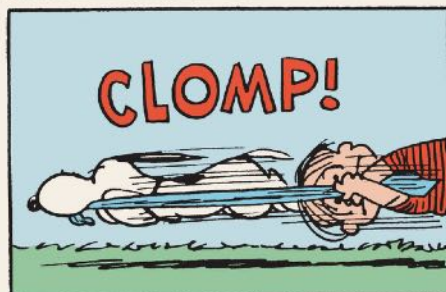
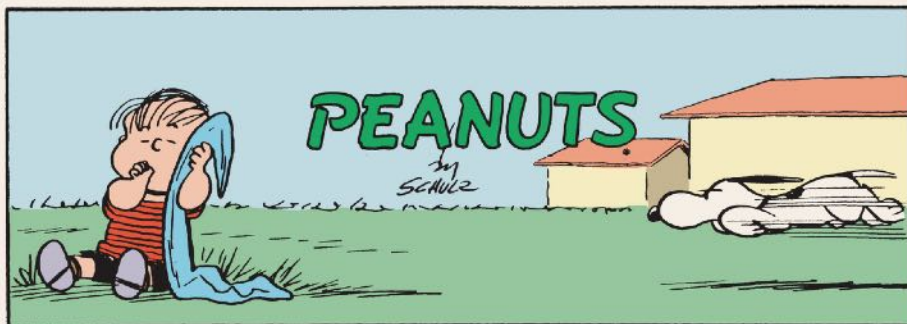


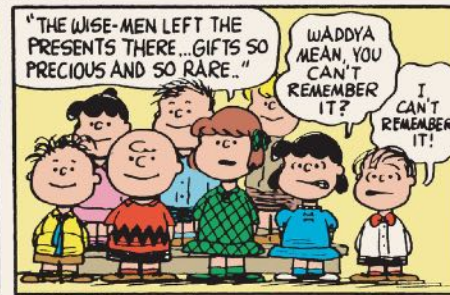
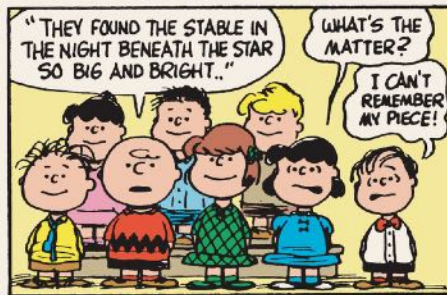
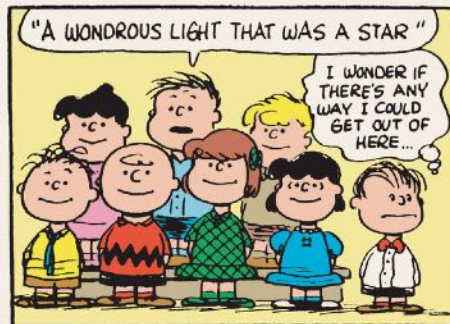


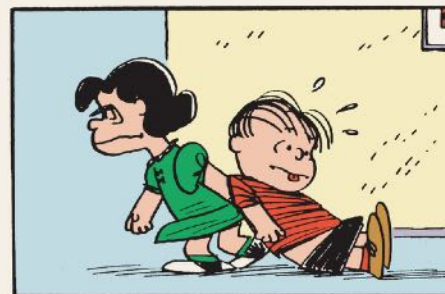
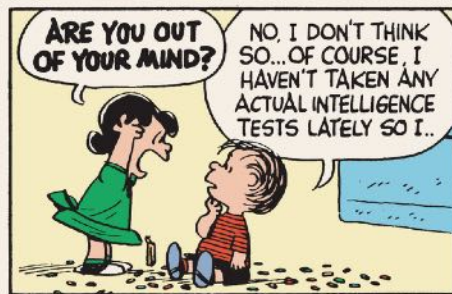
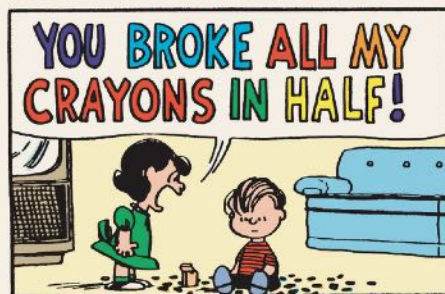
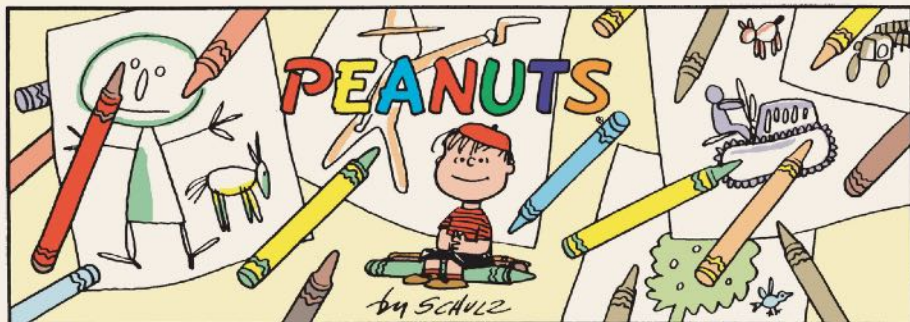


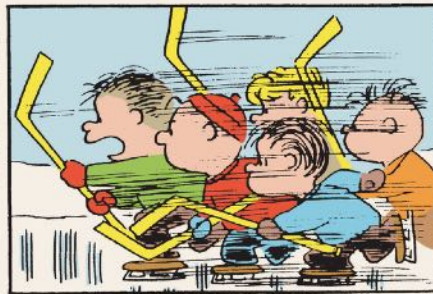
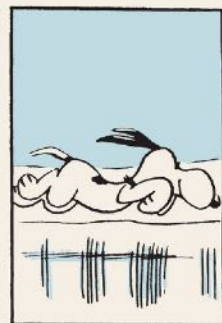
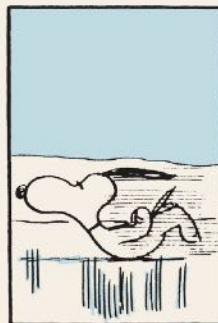
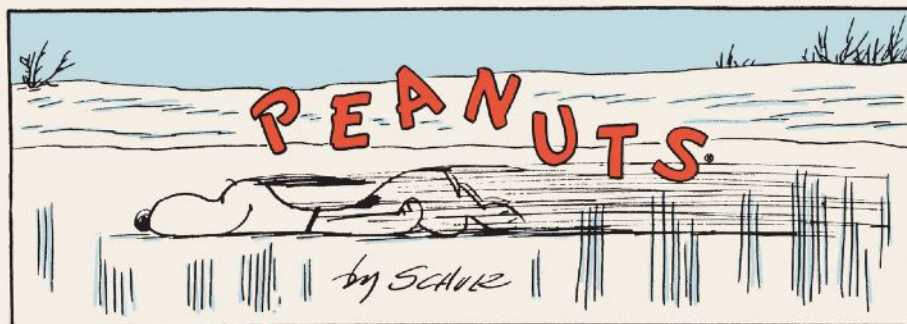


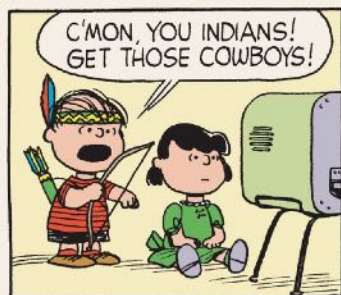




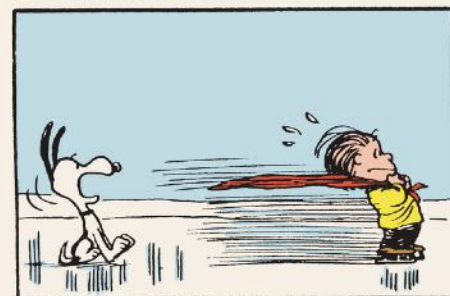
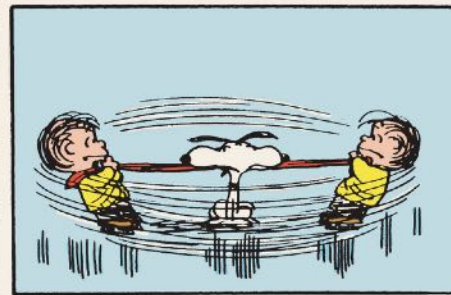
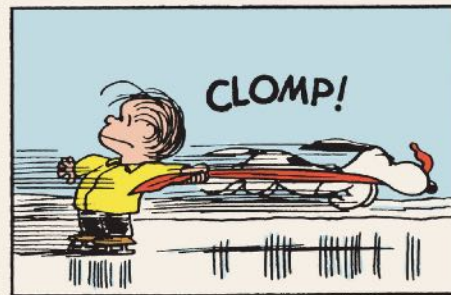
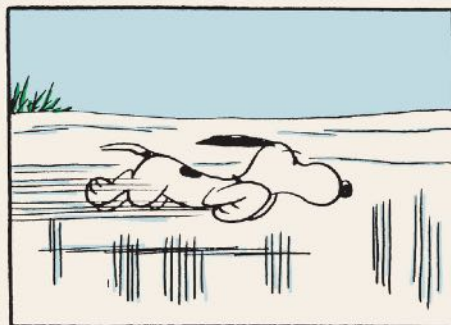
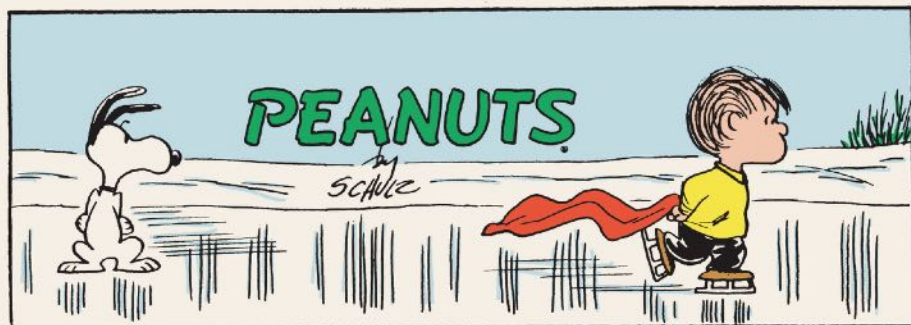


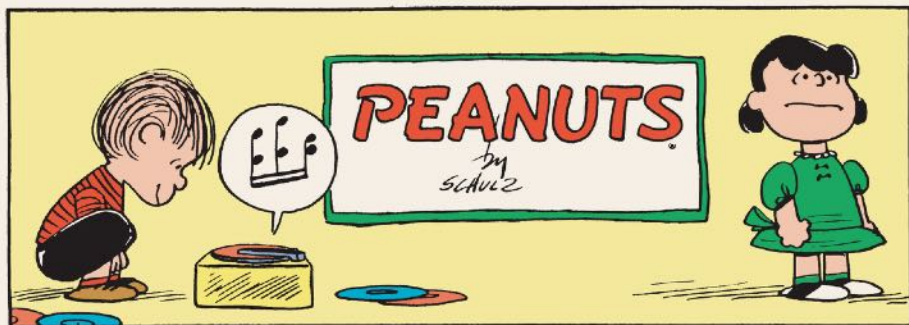


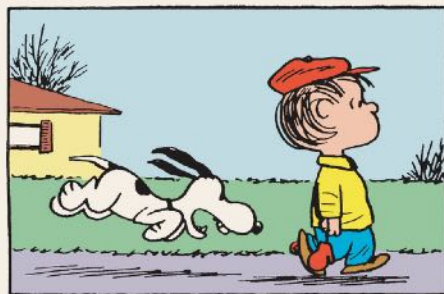
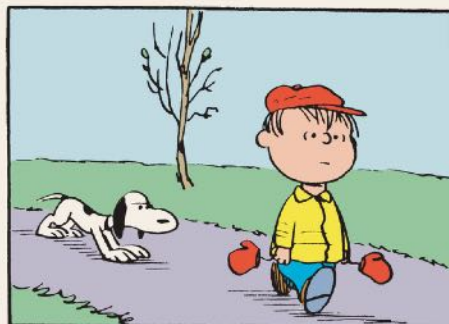


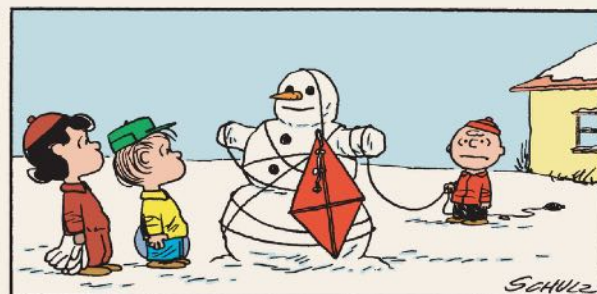
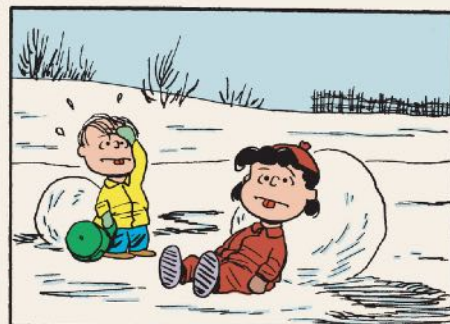


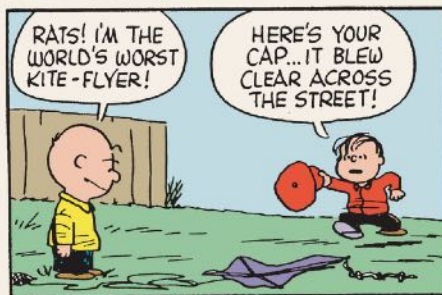
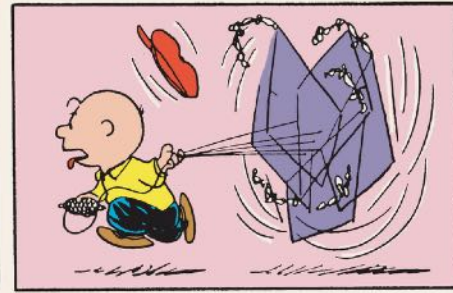


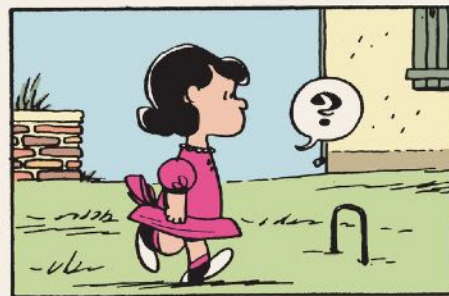
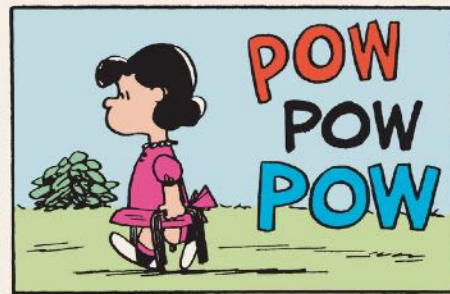


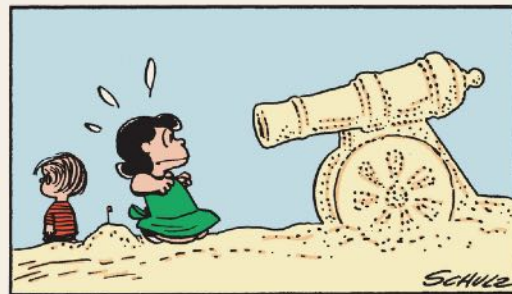
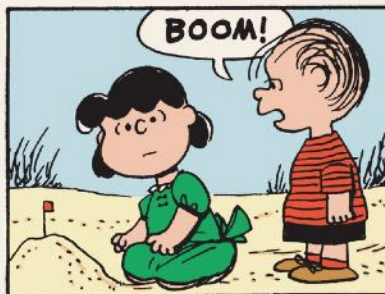
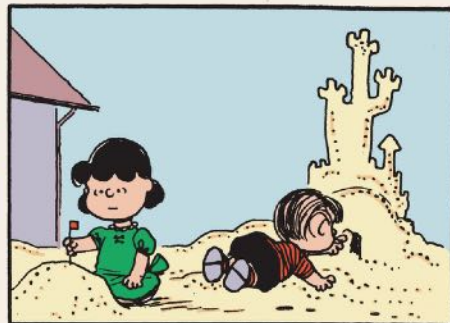


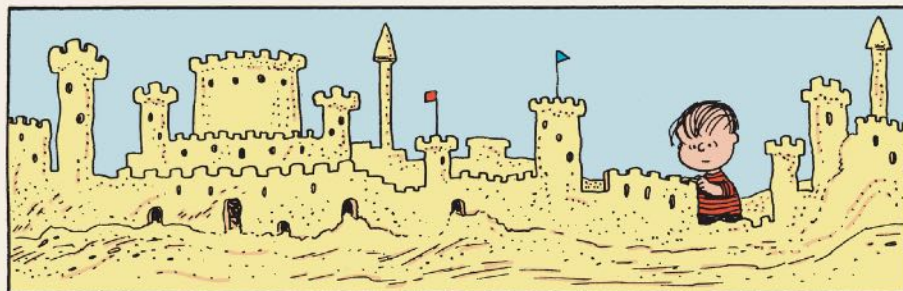


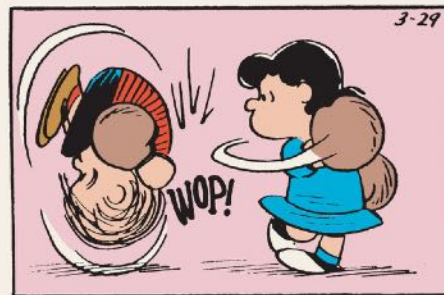
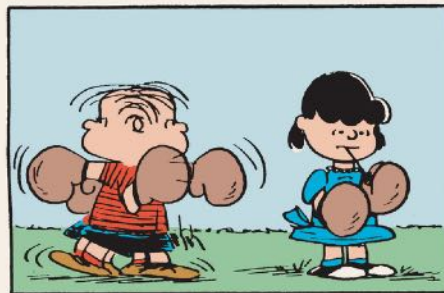


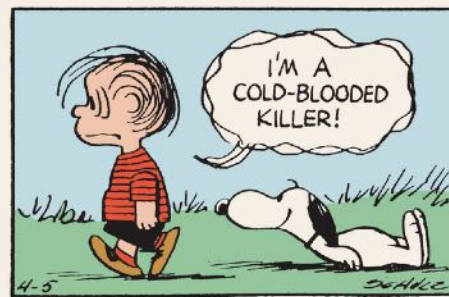
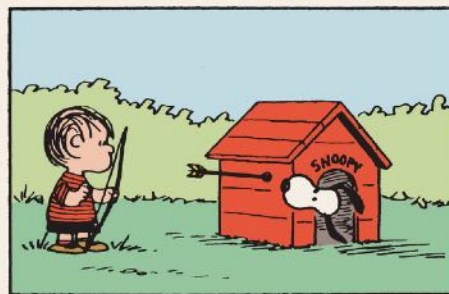


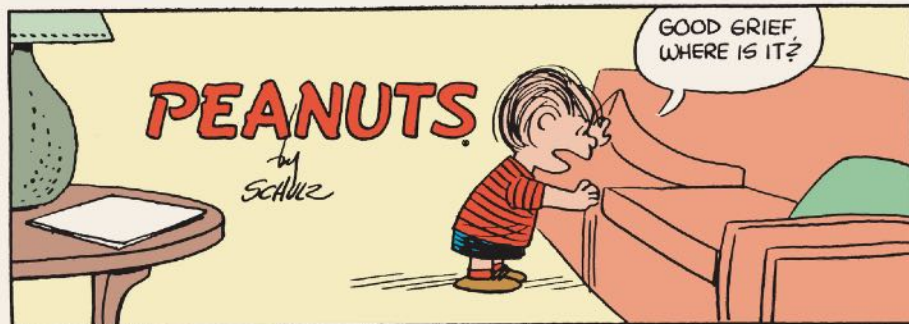


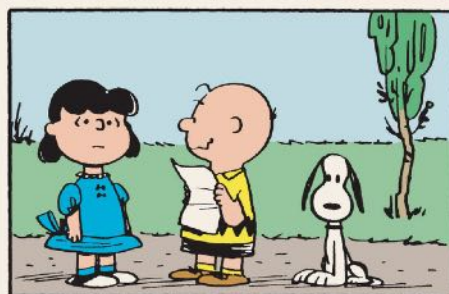
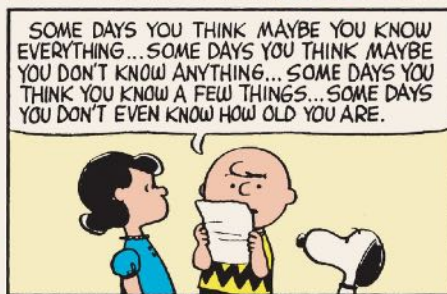
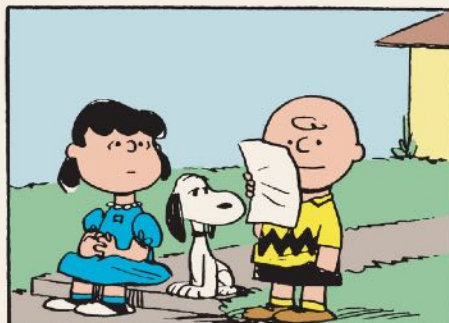
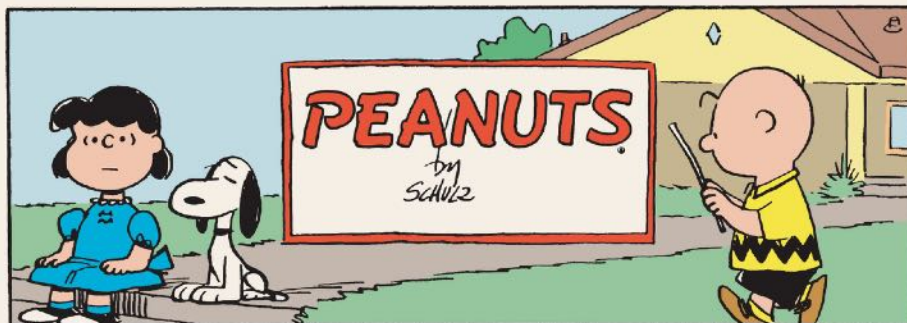


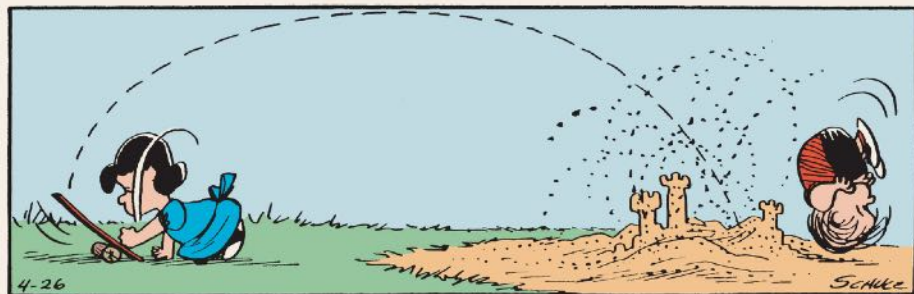


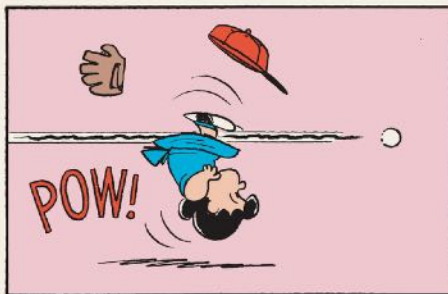


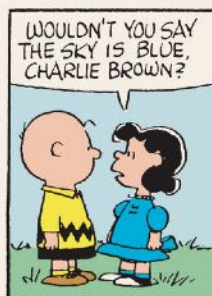


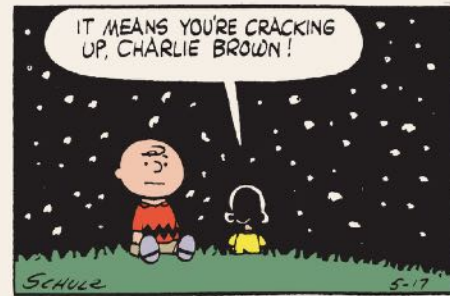


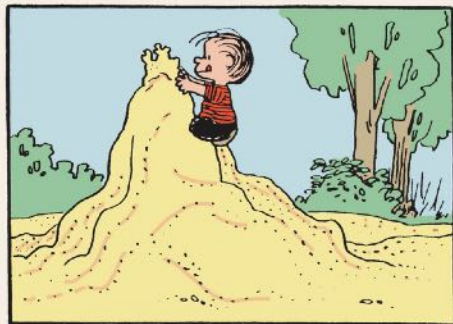
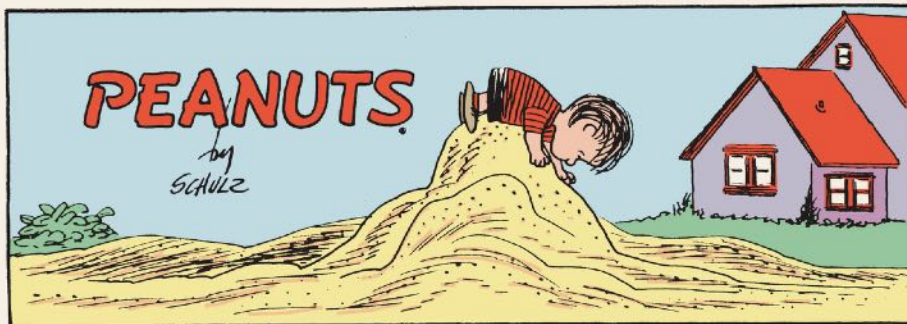


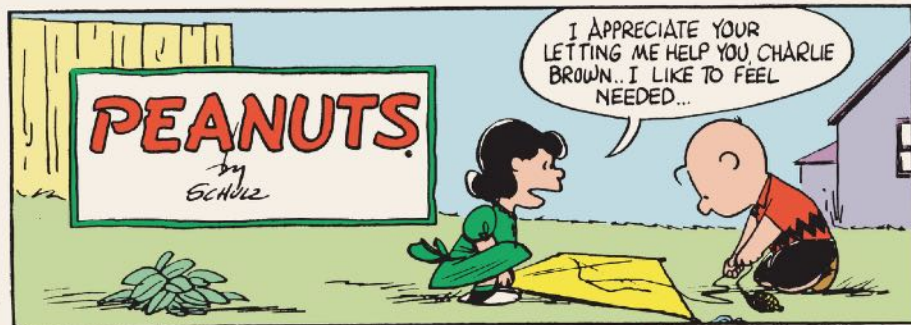


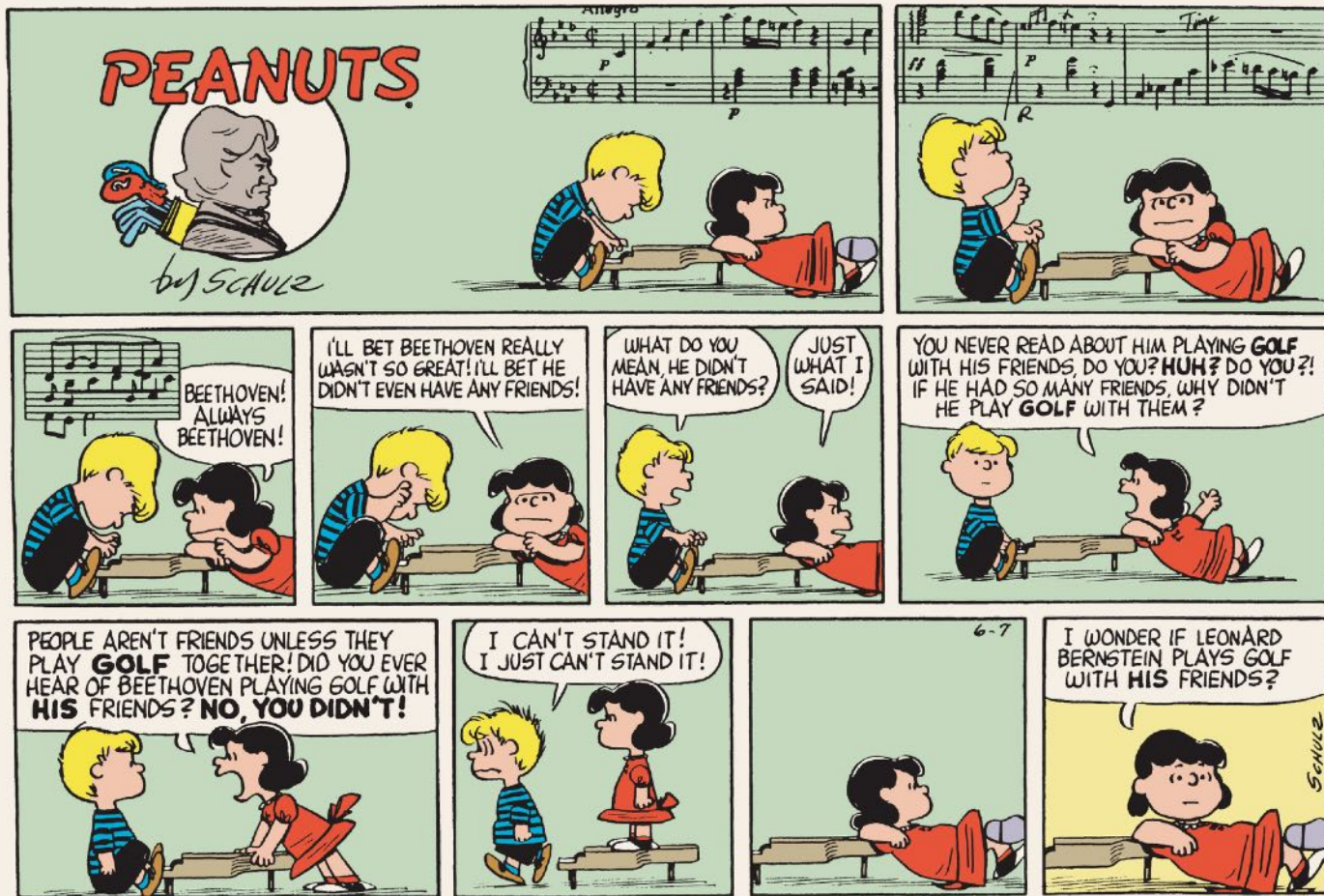




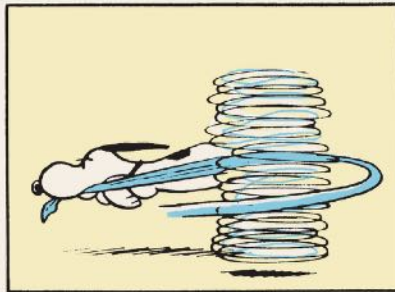


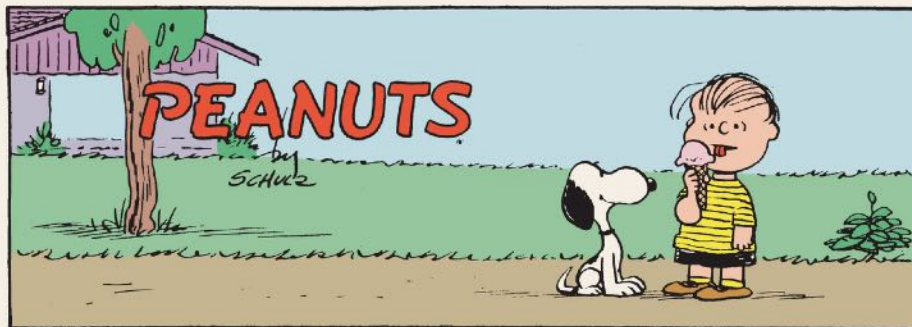


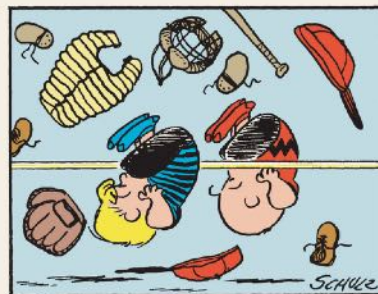
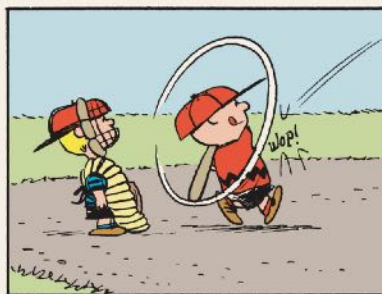


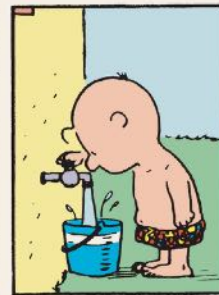
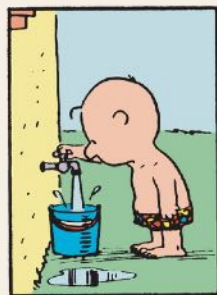
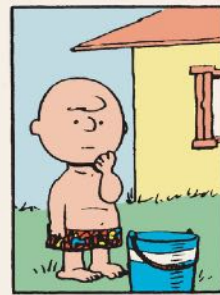
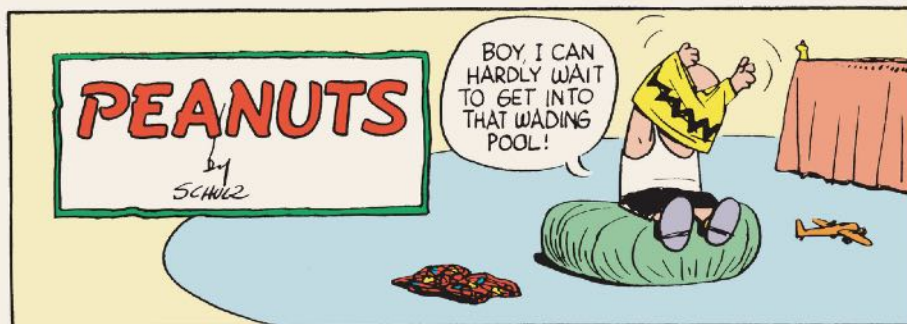


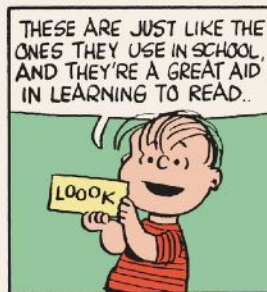
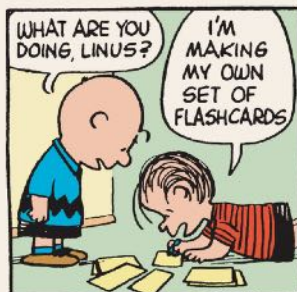






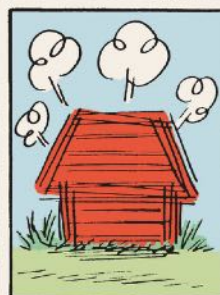
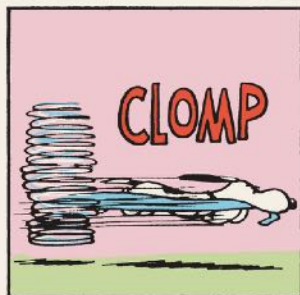
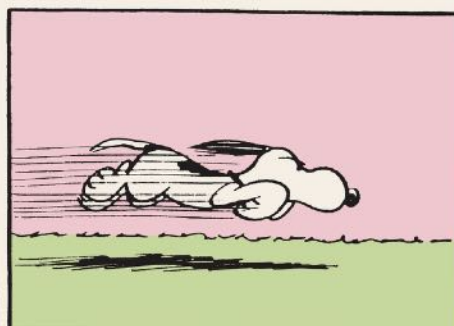


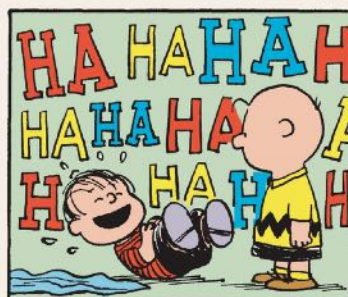
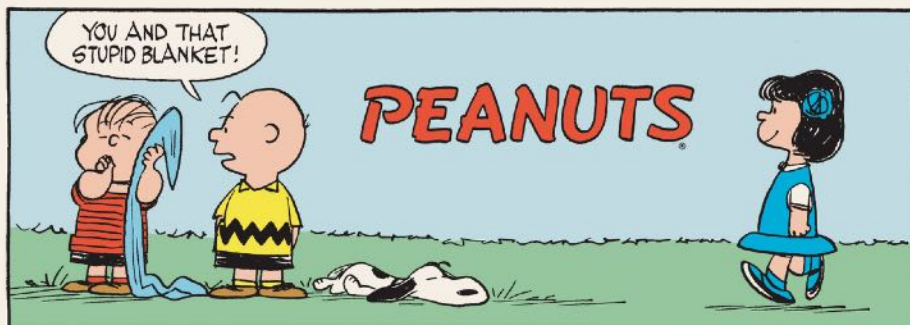






by
Schulz





PEANUTS

by
SCHULZ



DEAR PENCIL-PAL,
I GUESS BY THIS TIME
EVERYBODY BUT YOU KNOWS
THAT I HAVE A BABY
SISTER.



I SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN
SOONER TO TELL YOU, BUT
I HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY.
HER NAME IS SALLY. WE
LIKE HER AND SHE
LIKES US.



OH, OH!



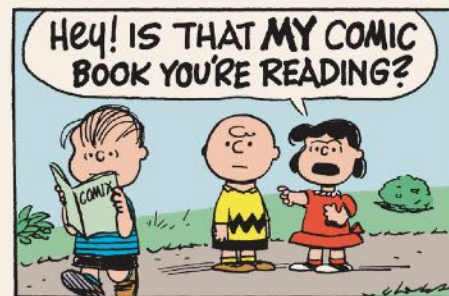
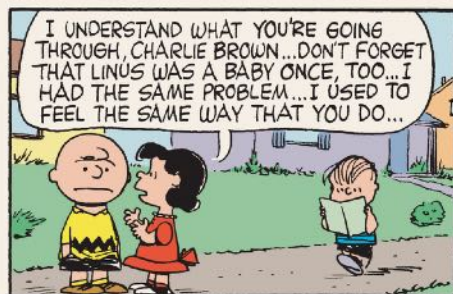
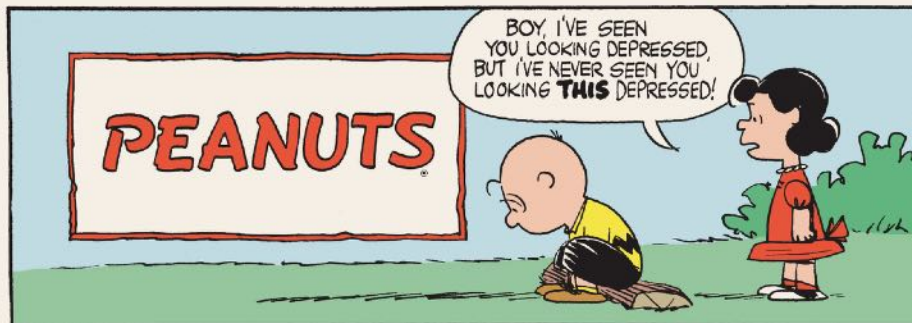
IN A WAY, THIS HAS BEEN
A GOOD EXPERIENCE FOR ME.
I HAVE LEARNED A LOT.

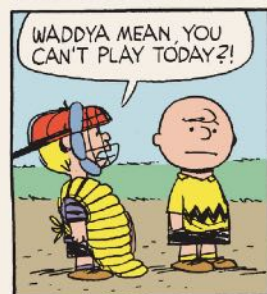
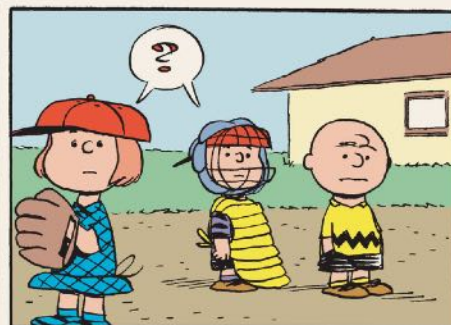
AS EVER,
CHARLIE
BROWN

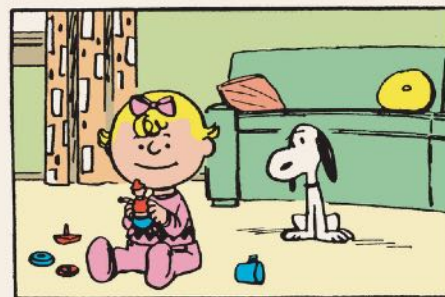
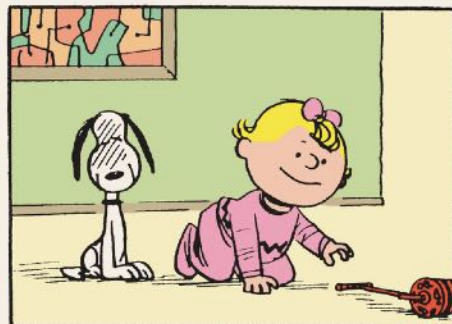


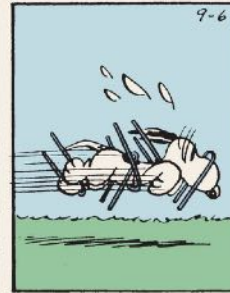
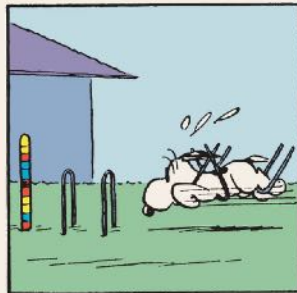
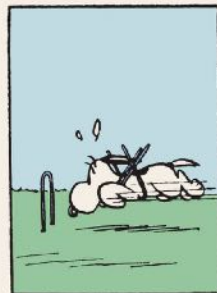
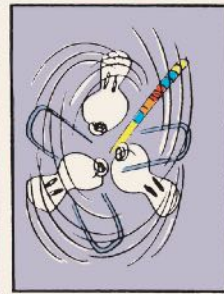
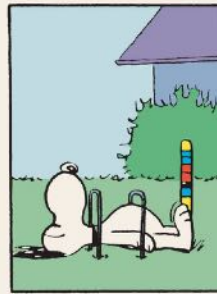
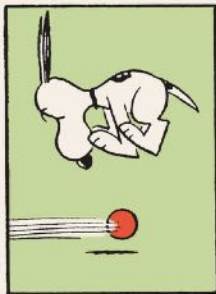
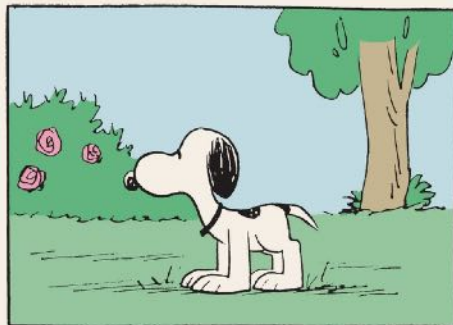
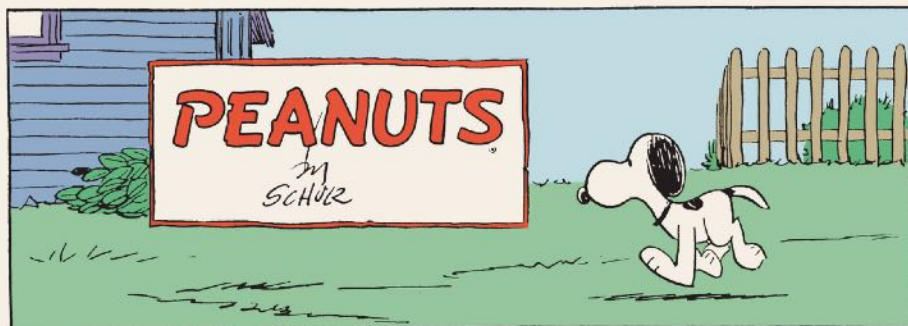
SCHULZ

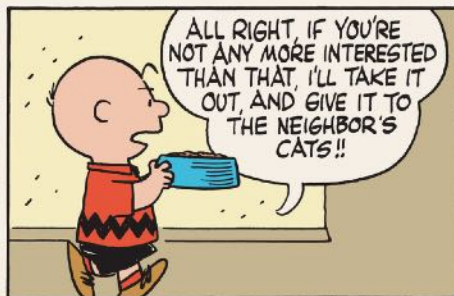
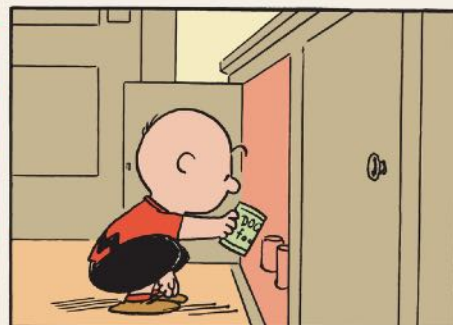
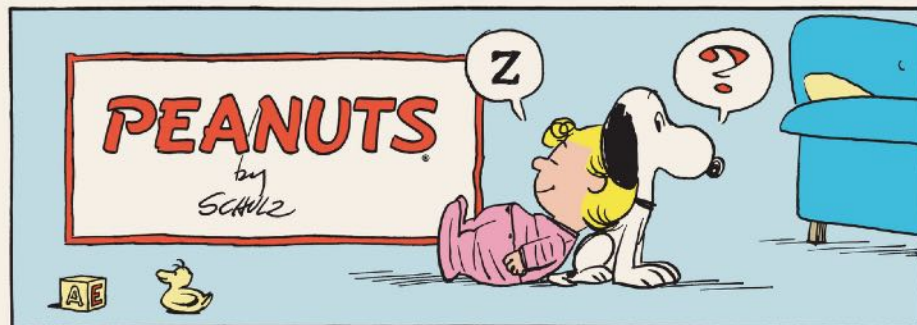
8-9

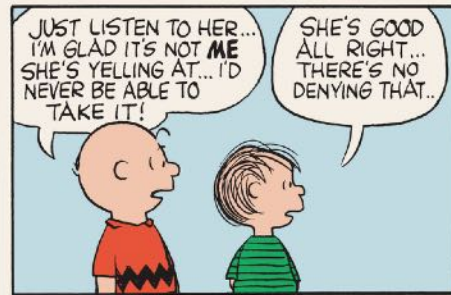
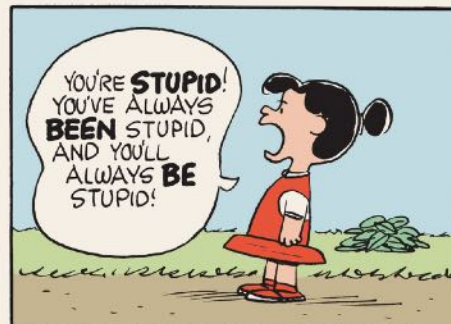


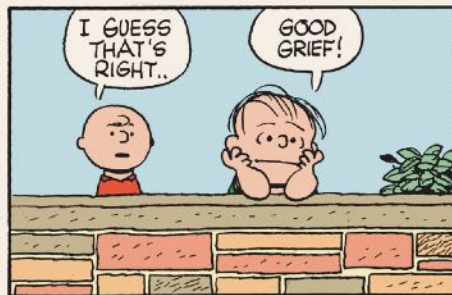
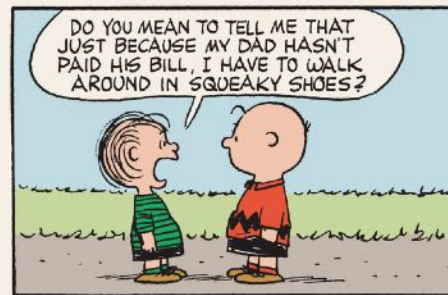


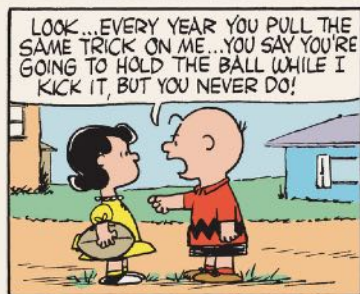
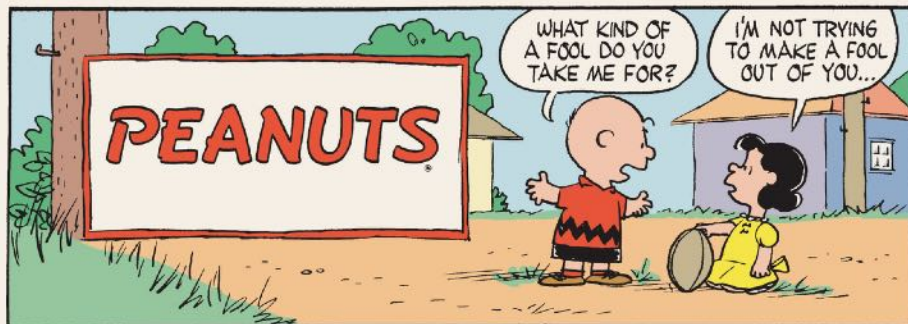












PEANUTS



CHOMP
CHOMP

CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP



CHOMP
CHOMP

HANDS ARE
FASCINATING
THINGS!



I LIKE MY
HANDS..I THINK
I HAVE NICE
HANDS...



MY HANDS SEEM TO HAVE
A LOT OF CHARACTER...



THESE ARE HANDS WHICH MAY SOMEDAY
ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS...THESE ARE
HANDS WHICH MAY SOMEDAY DO MARVELOUS
WORKS!



THEY MAY BUILD MIGHTY BRIDGES OR
HEAL THE SICK, OR HIT HOME-RUNS,
OR WRITE SOUL-STIRRING NOVELS!



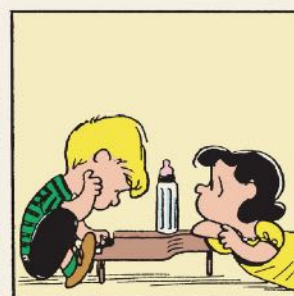
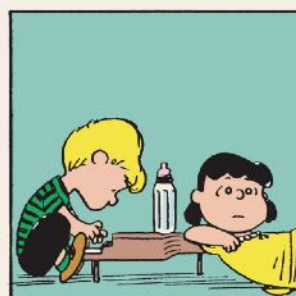
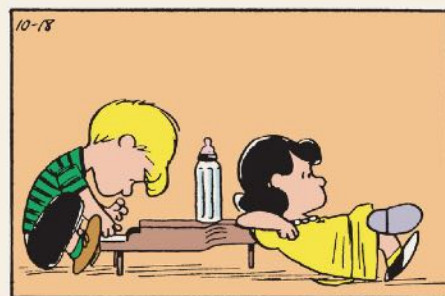
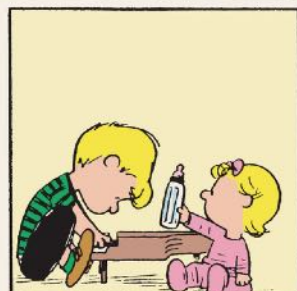
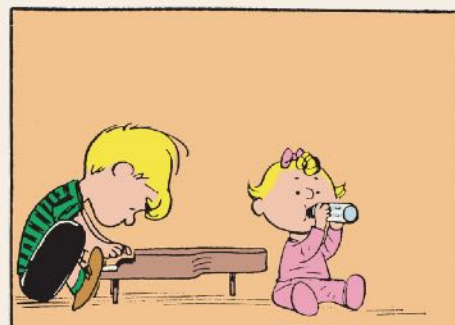
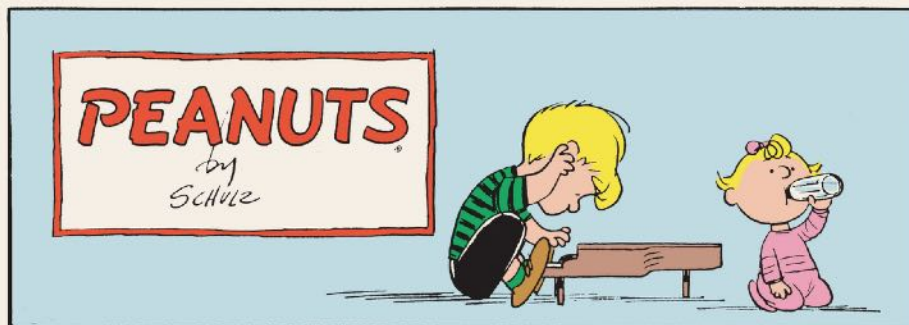
THESE ARE HANDS
WHICH MAY SOMEDAY
CHANGE THE COURSE
OF DESTINY!



THEY'VE GOT JELLY
ON THEM!

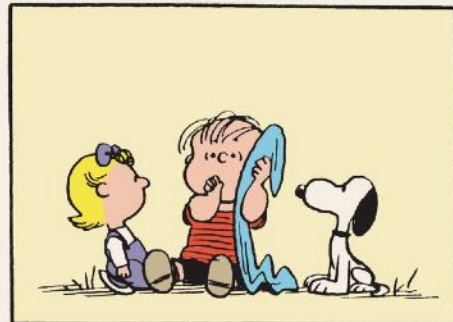


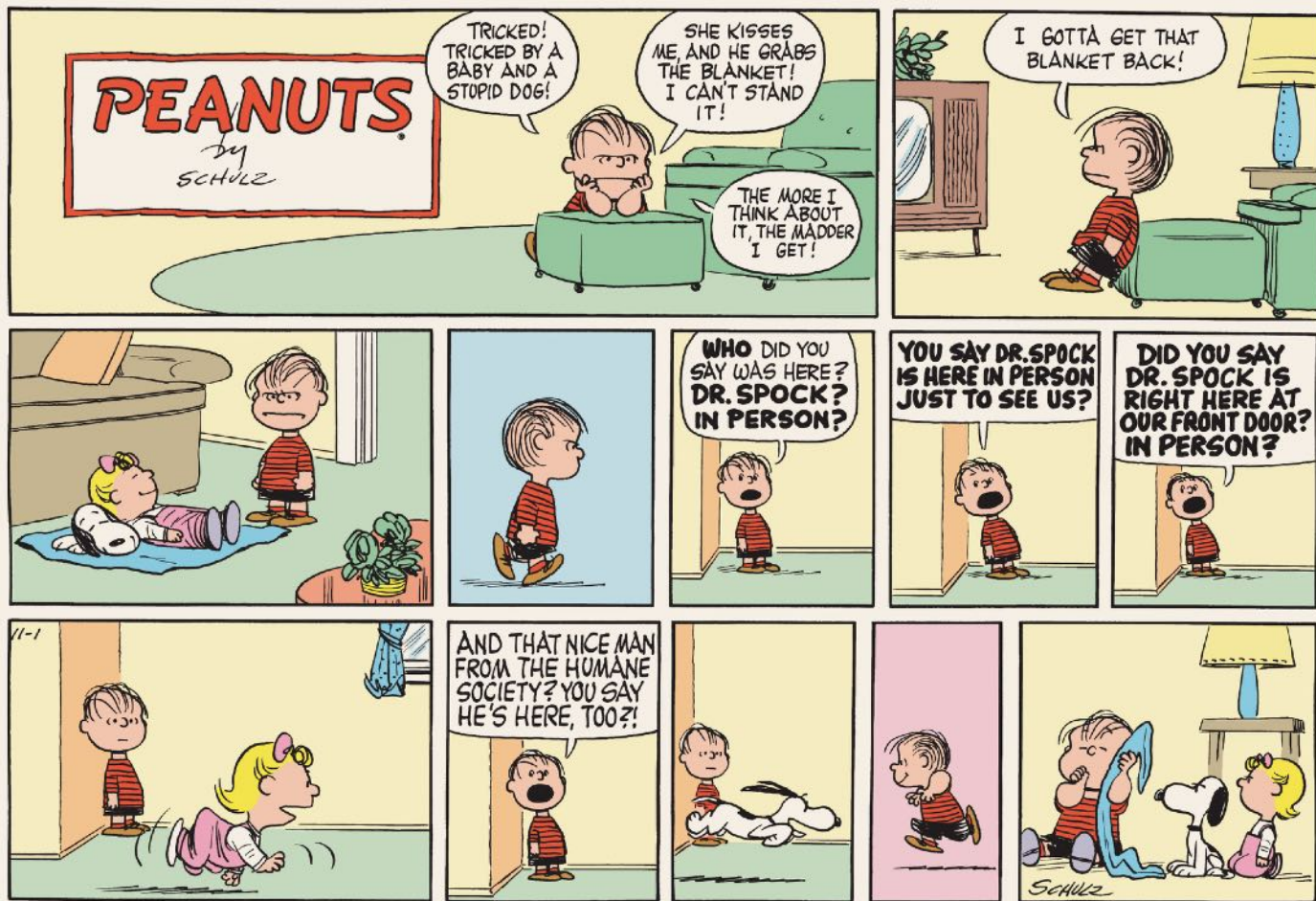
SCHULZ



PEANUTS

by
SCHULZ

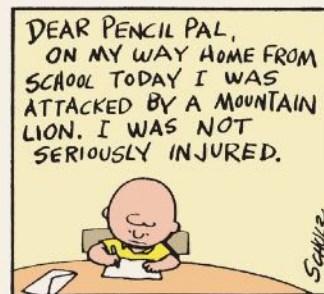
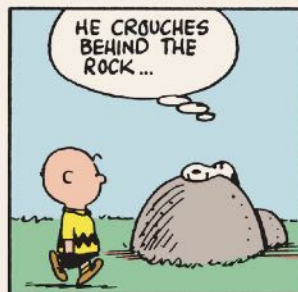
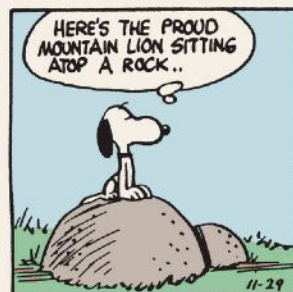
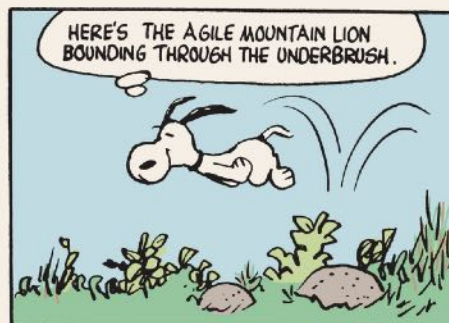




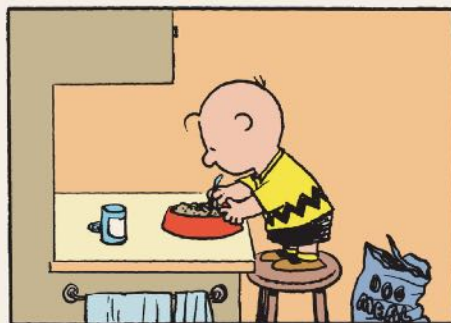


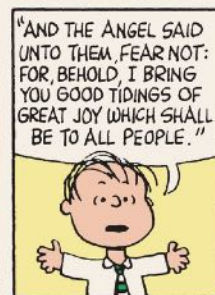


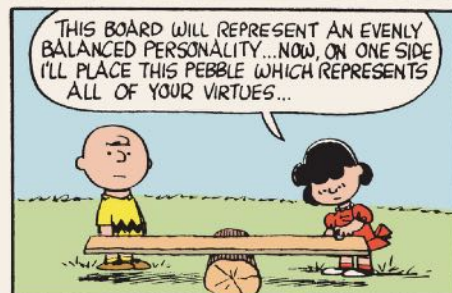
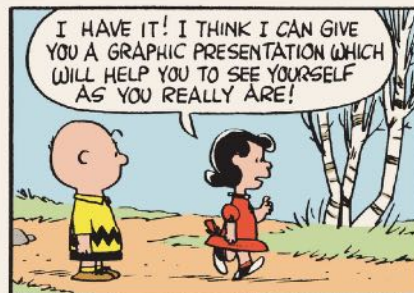


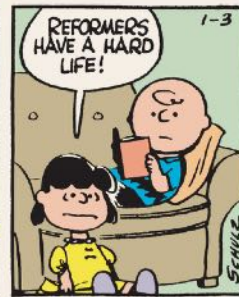
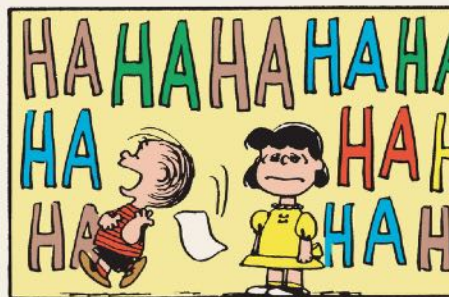
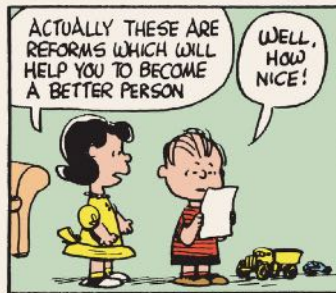


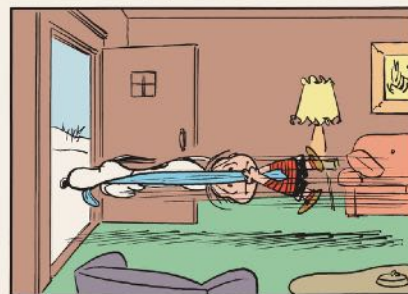
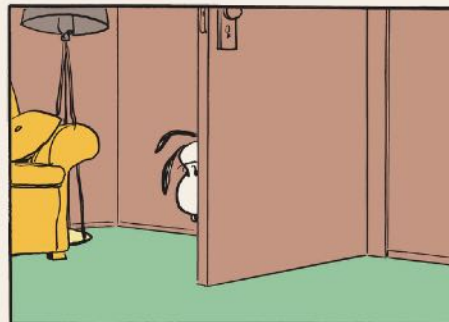
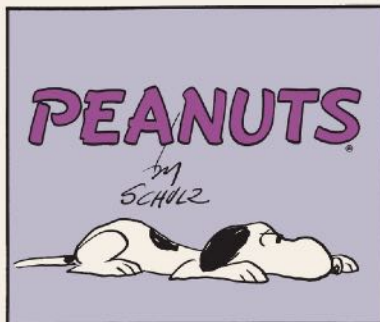


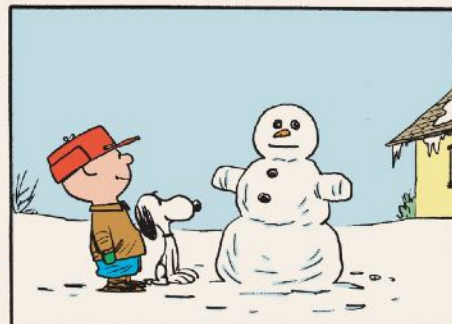
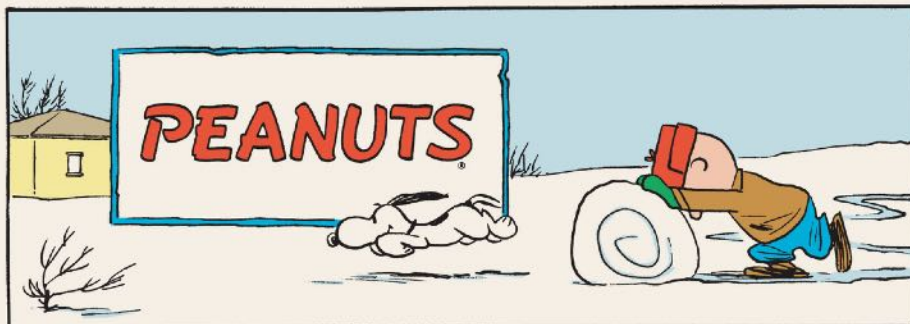


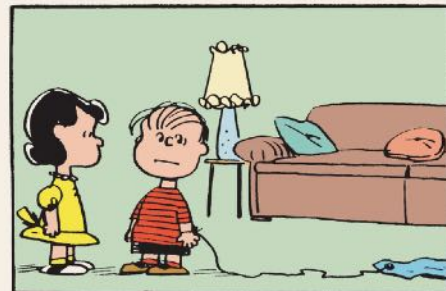


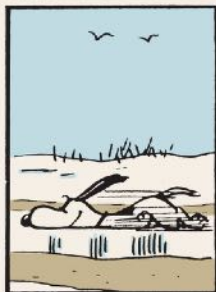
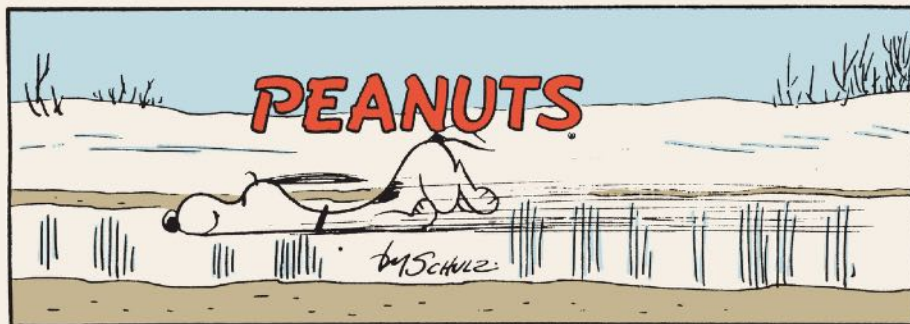










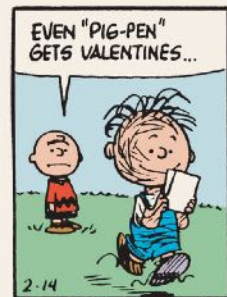
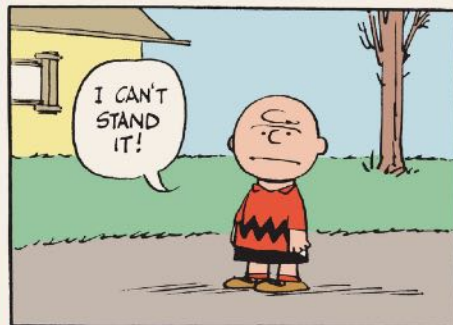
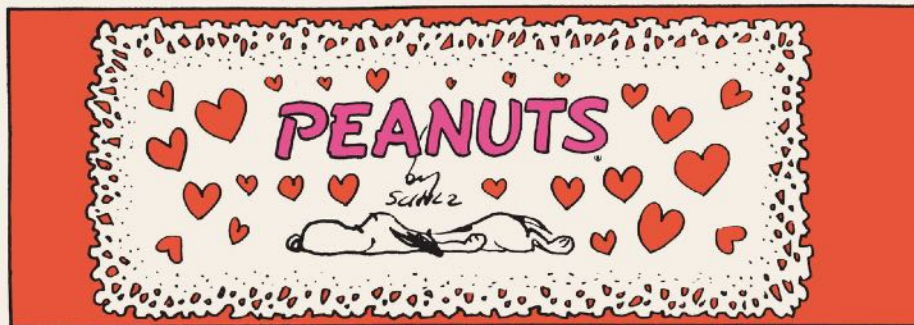




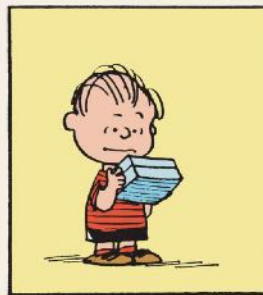
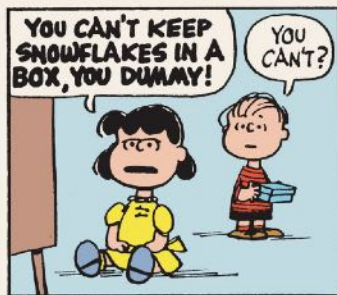
2-7

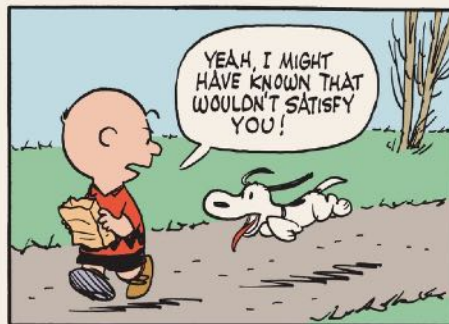


SCHULZ









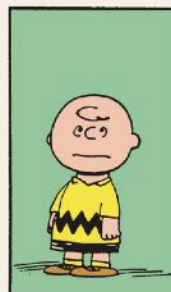
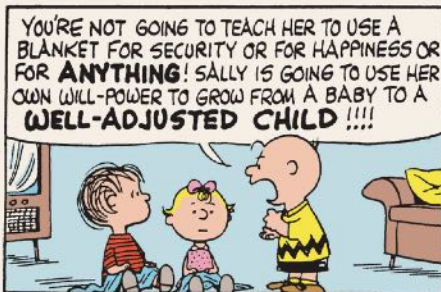
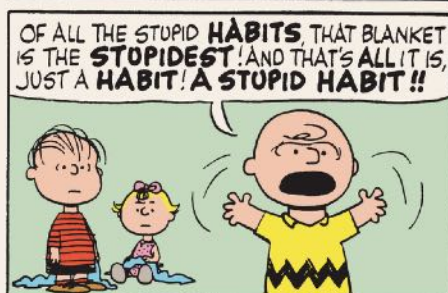
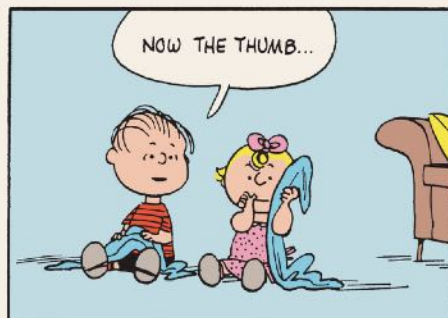


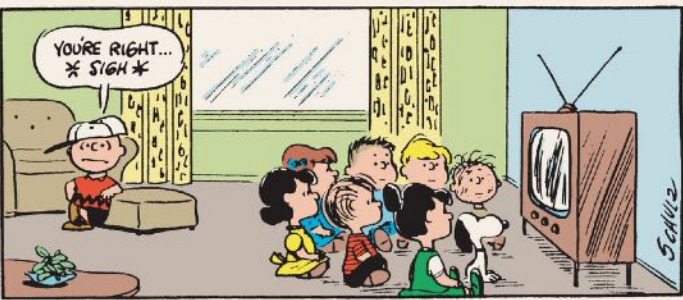
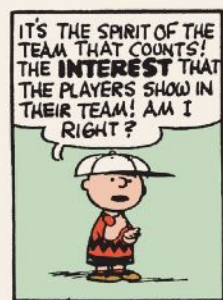
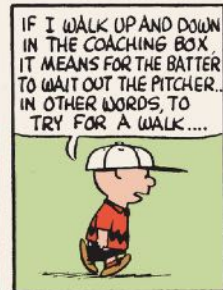
PEANUTS

SCHULZ

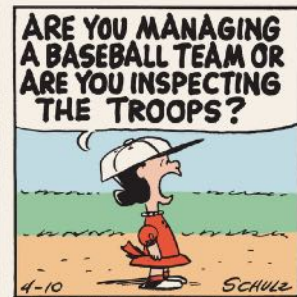


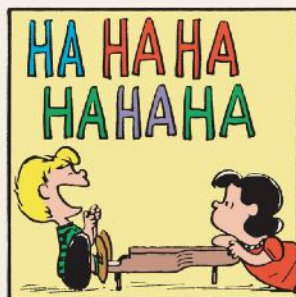
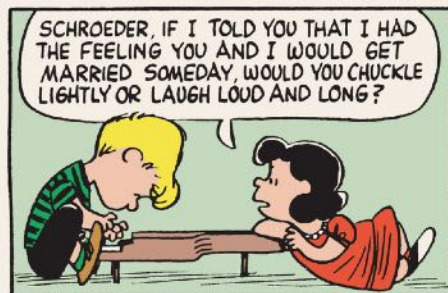
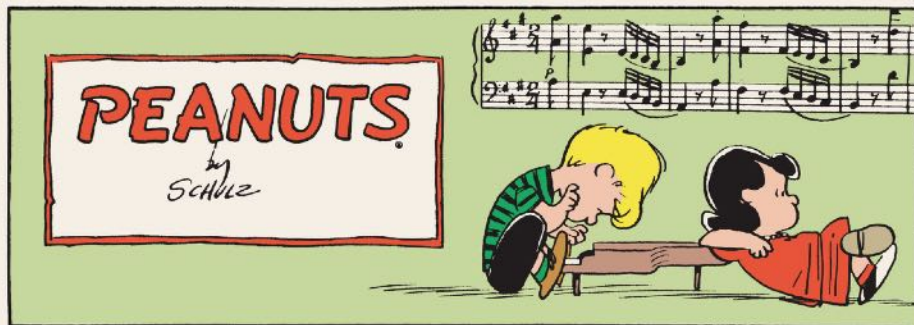
SCHULZ

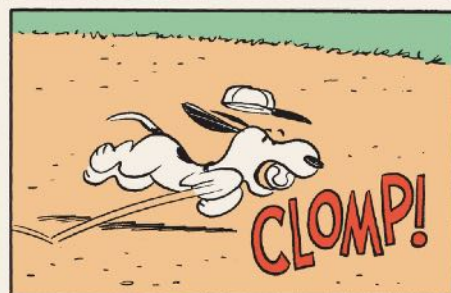


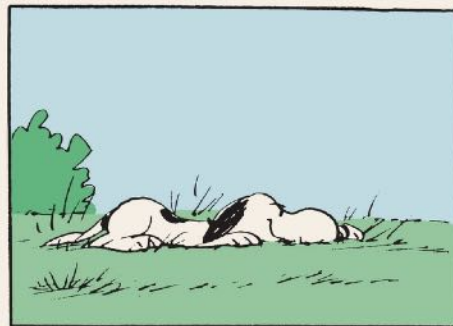


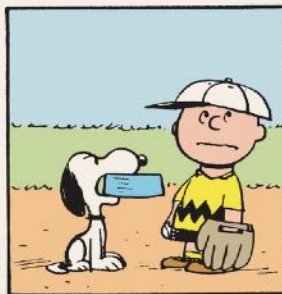
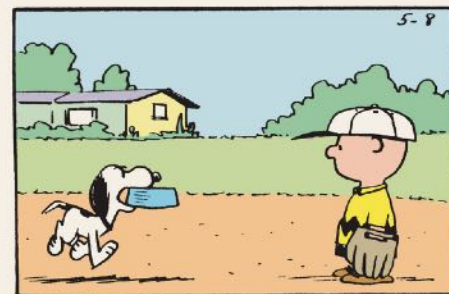
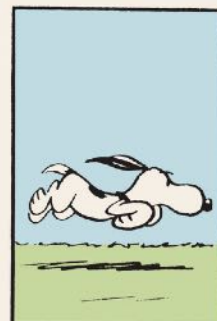
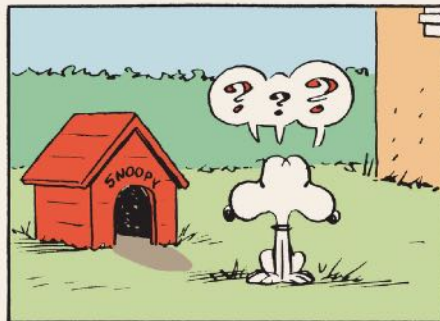


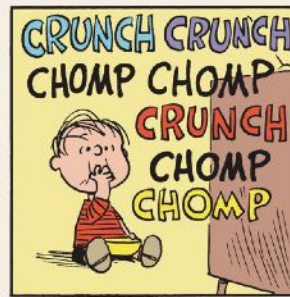
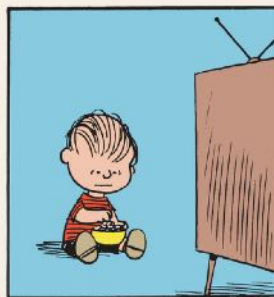
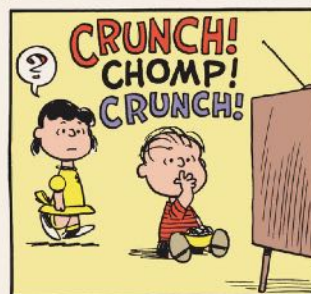
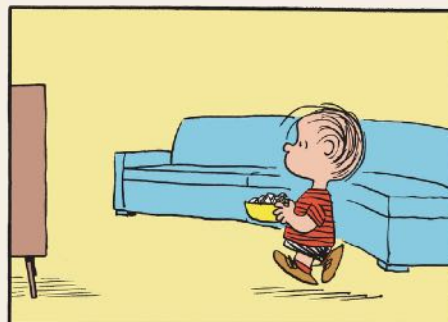


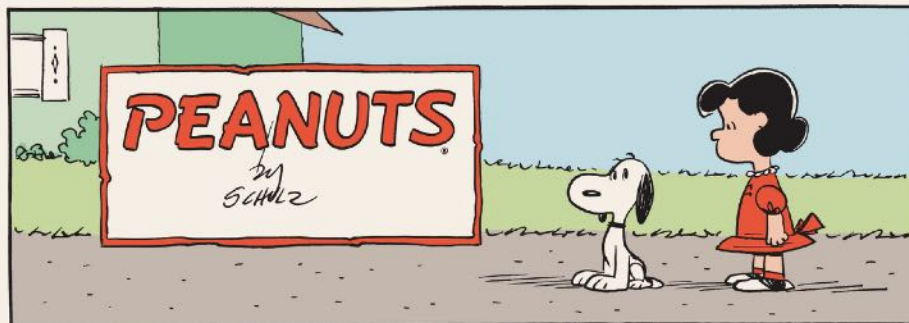


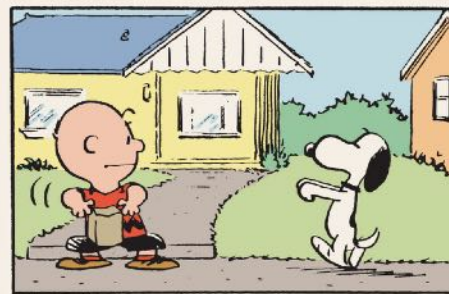
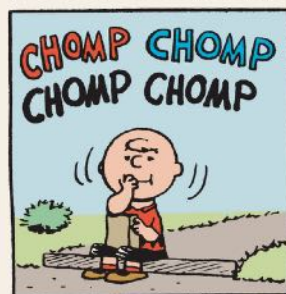












PEANUTS

by
SCHULZ

TYRANNOSAURUS REX! LIFE
SIZE, FIFTY FEET LONG AND
TWENTY FEET HIGH! WOW!

MODEL
SIZE...SIXTEEN
INCHES LONG
AND TEN
INCHES
HIGH...

HE SURE
HAD A
LOT OF
BONES...

A DINOSAUR SET! OH, BOY!
MAY I HELP YOU PUT HIM
TOGETHER, LUCY?

OH, I
SUPPOSE
SO...

THIS LOOKS REAL INTERESTING..
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT
DINOSAURS THAT'S FASCINATING.

LET'S SEE NOW...THIS TOE
BONE HERE SHOULD CONNECT
TO THIS FOOT BONE...

OH HUH...RIGHT...AND
THIS FOOT BONE HERE
SHOULD CONNECT TO
THIS ANKLE BONE...

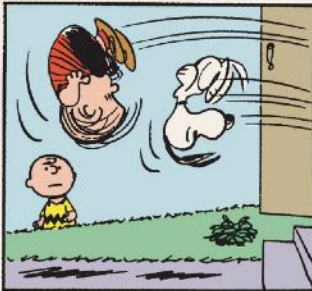
AND THE ANKLE BONE
CONNECTS TO THE LEG
BONE! RIGHT?

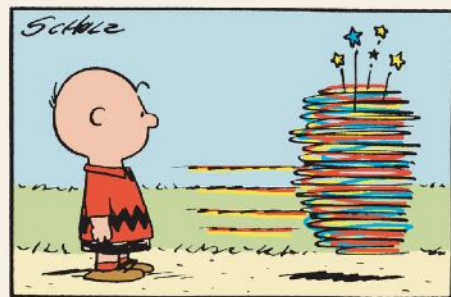
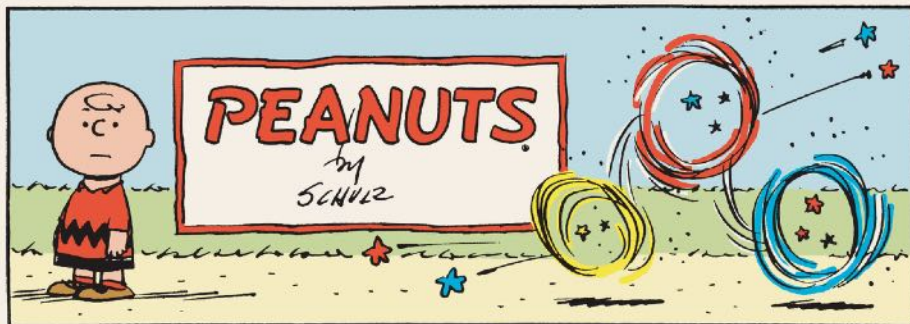
OH, THE ANKLE BONE
CONNECTS TO THE
LEG BONE...AND THE
LEG BONE CONNECTS TO
THE THIGH BONE!

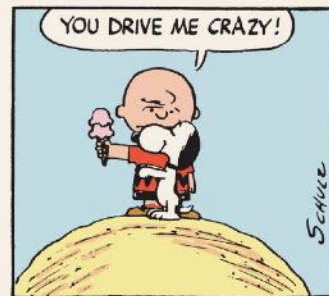
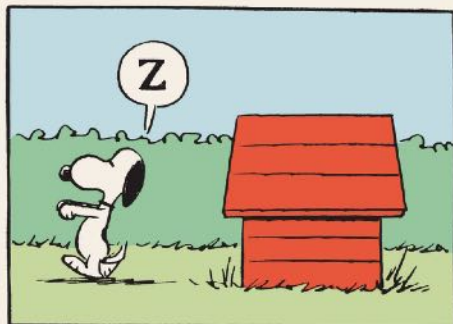
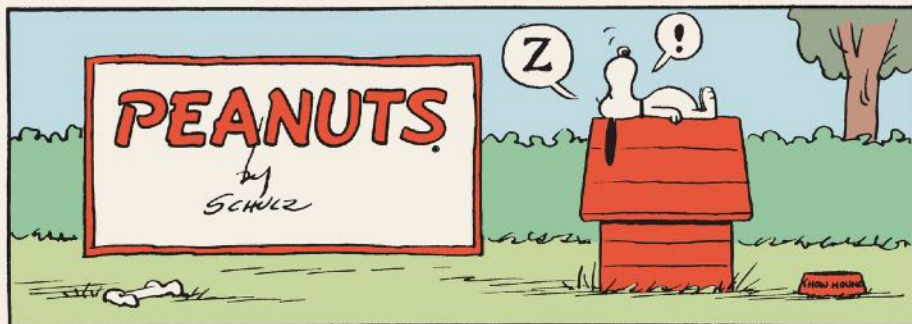
THE THIGH BONE
CONNECTS TO THE
HIP BONE AND THE
HIP BONE CONNECTS
TO THE KNEE BONE

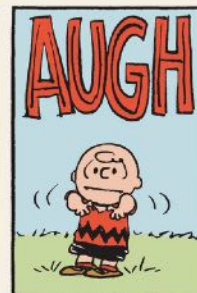
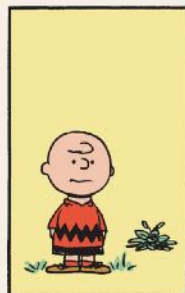
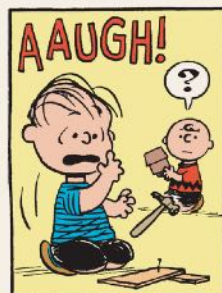
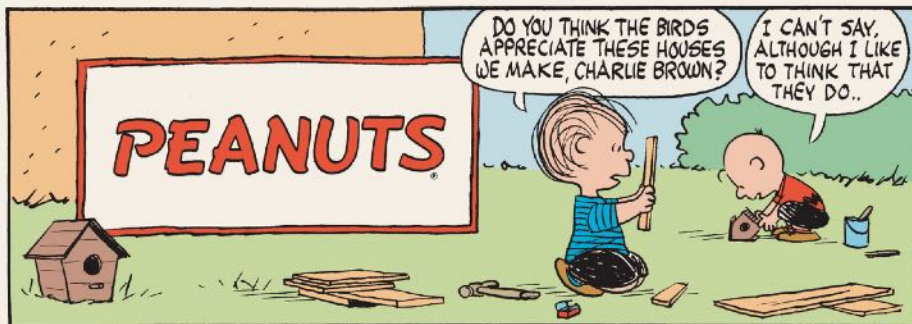
OH, THE KNEE BONE
CONNECTS TO THE
WRIST BONE...

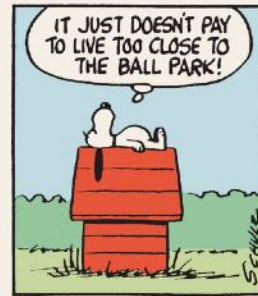
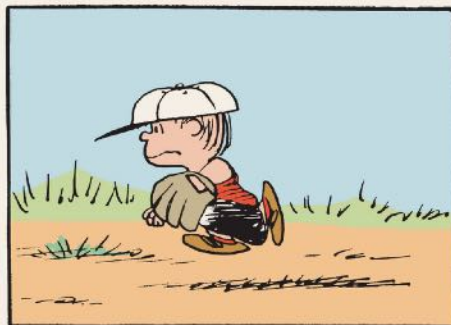
AND THE WRIST
BONE CONNECTS
TO THE.....

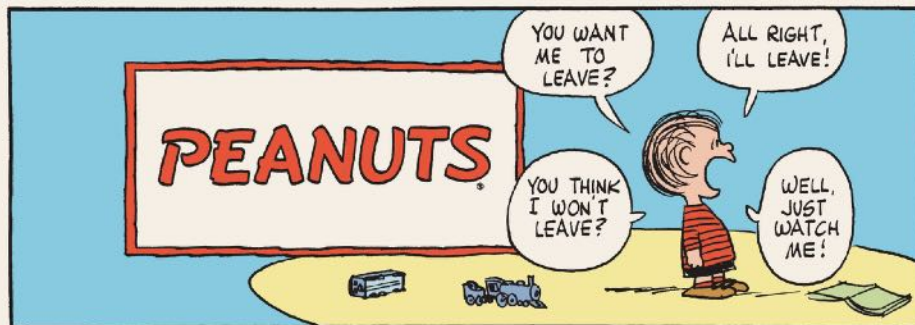


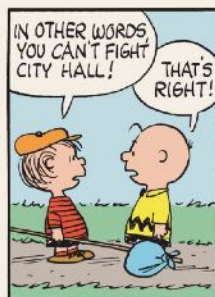
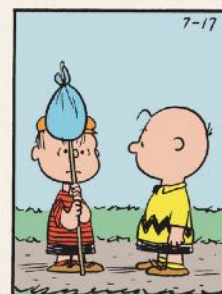
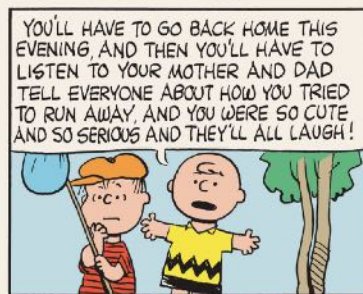
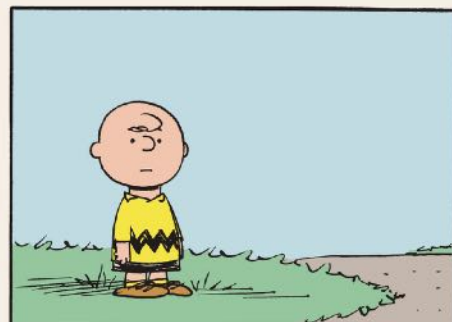
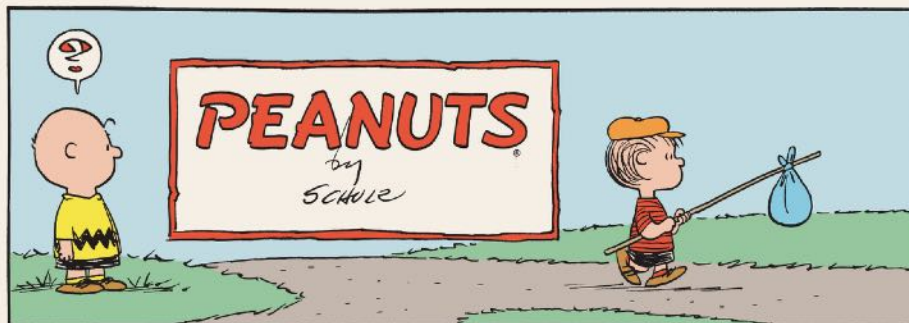


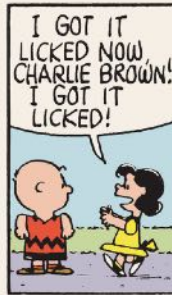


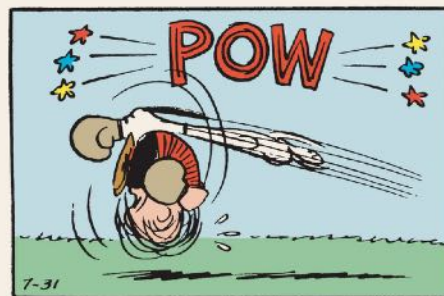
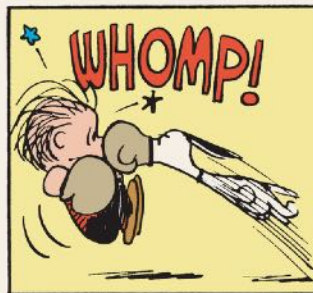
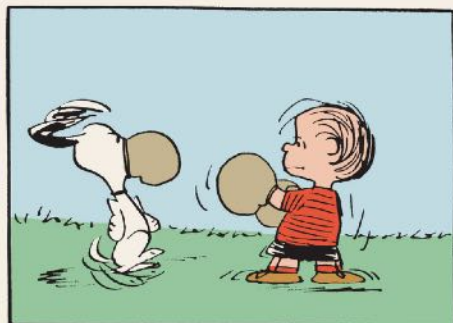
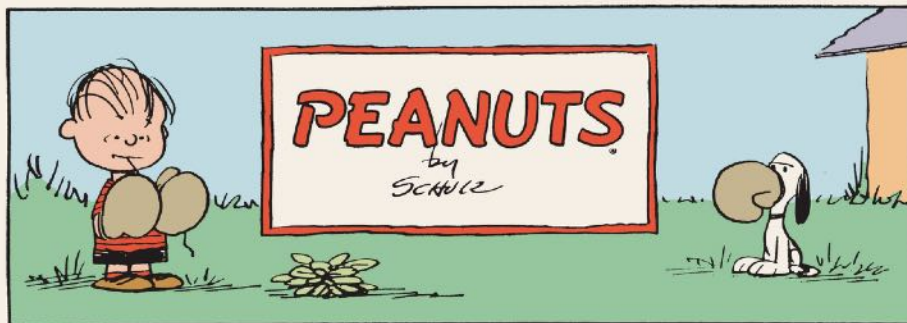


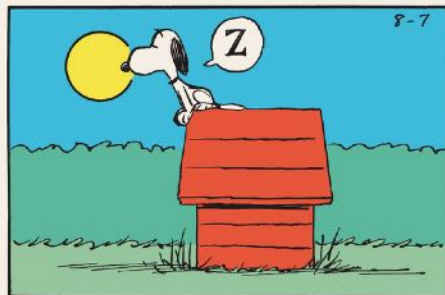
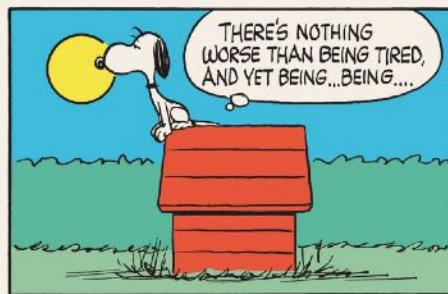
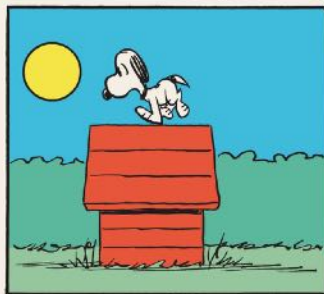
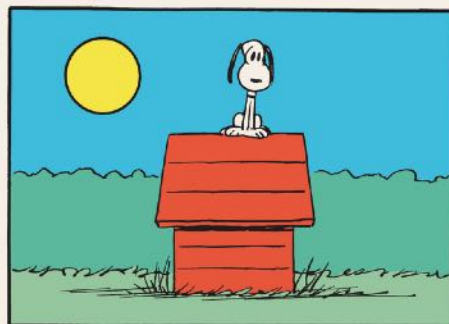
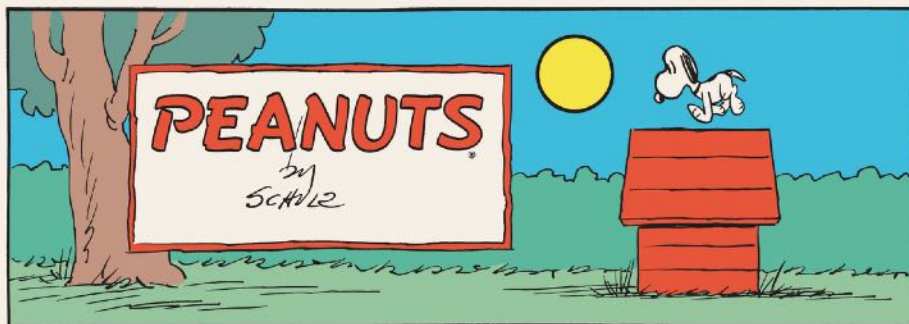


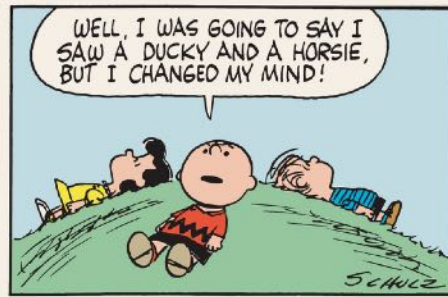
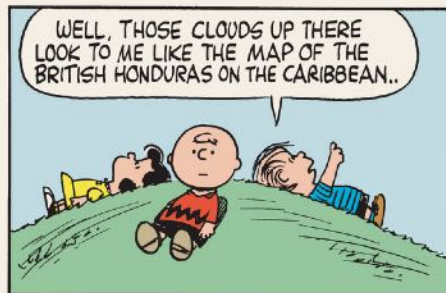
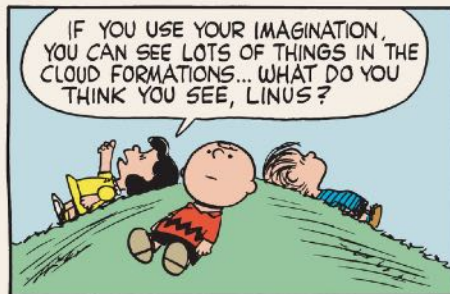
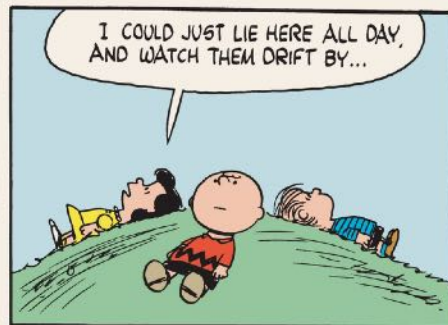


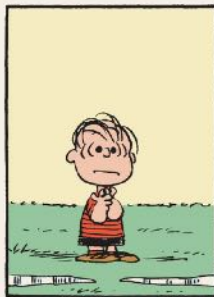






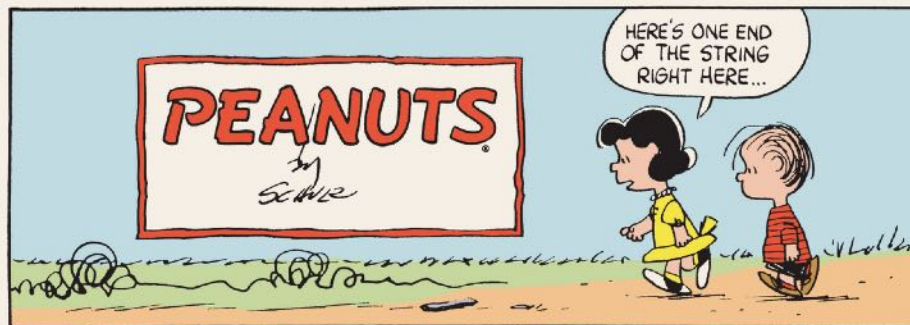


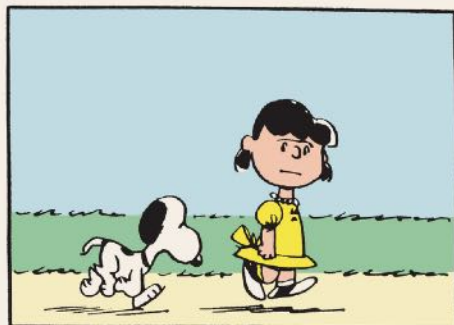
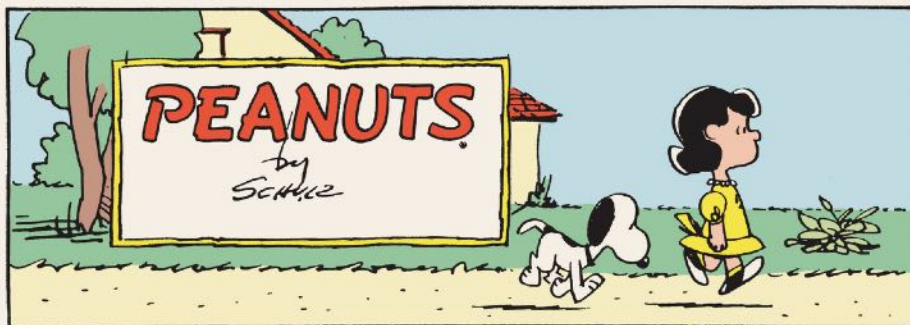




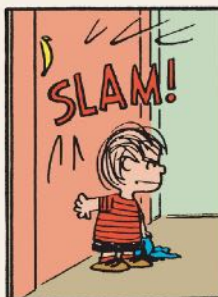


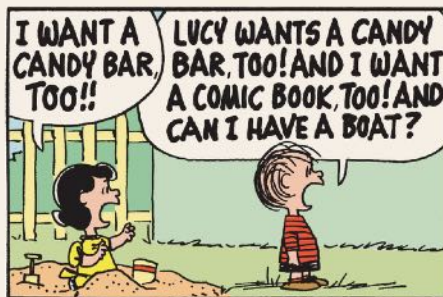


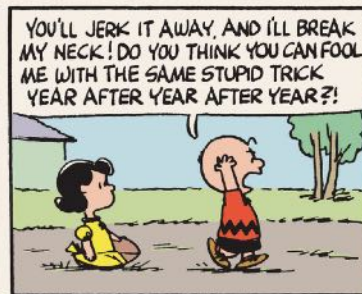


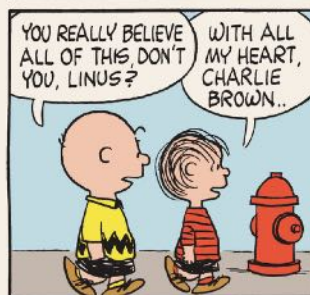


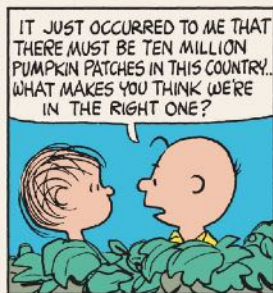
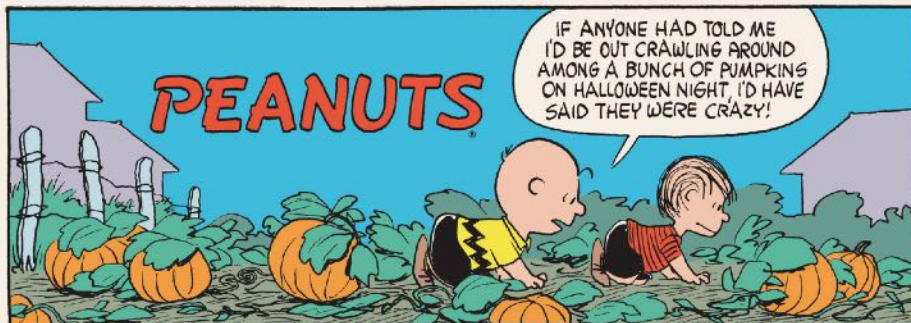


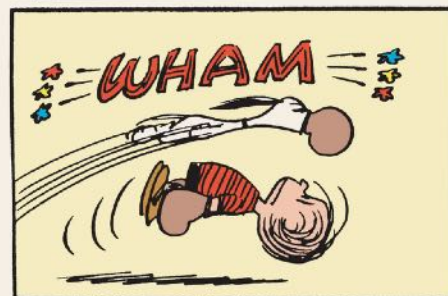
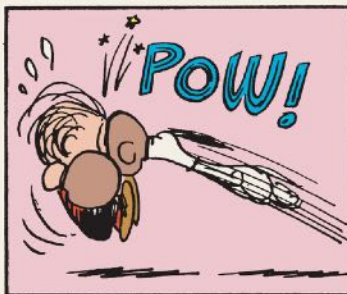
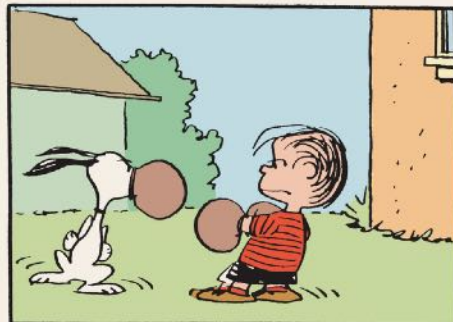
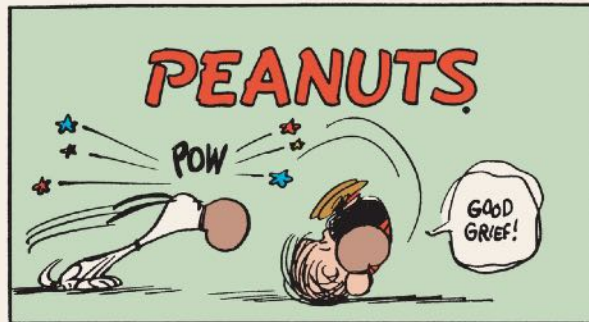


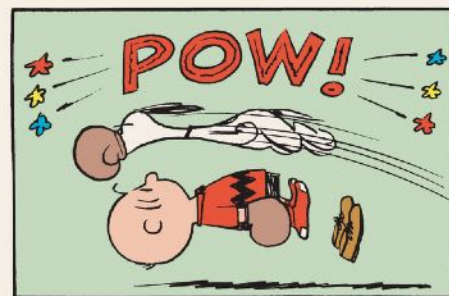
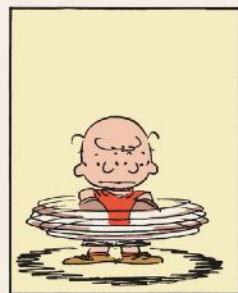


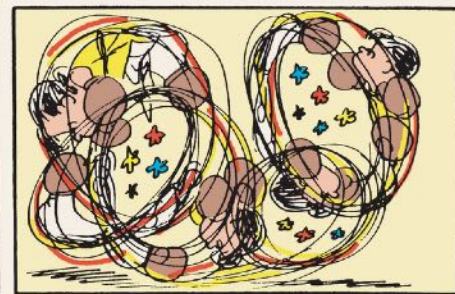




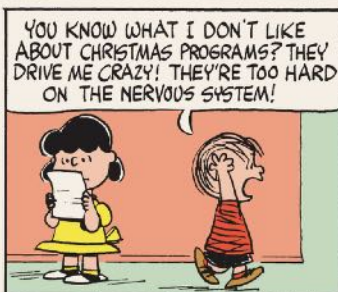


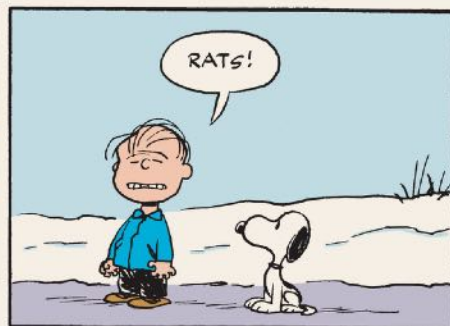


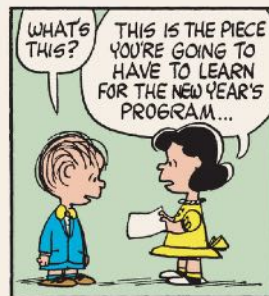
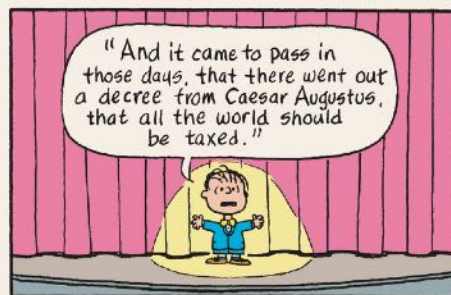










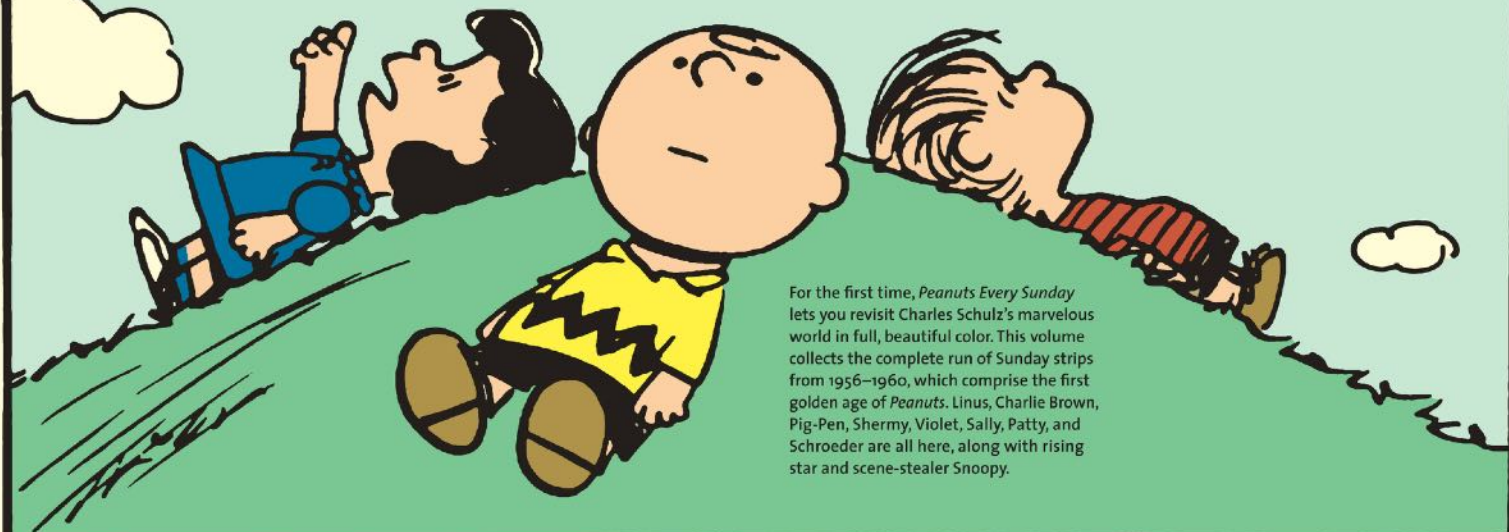


PEANUTS

***"Peanuts was, is, and will continue to be
the finest comic in the world. Bravo."***

—Ray Bradbury

SCHULZ



For the first time, *Peanuts Every Sunday* lets you revisit Charles Schulz's marvelous world in full, beautiful color. This volume collects the complete run of Sunday strips from 1956–1960, which comprise the first golden age of *Peanuts*. Linus, Charlie Brown, Pig-Pen, Shermy, Violet, Sally, Patty, and Schroeder are all here, along with rising star and scene-stealer Snoopy.